Week ending Oct. 17 1959

JOHN BULL

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The Stork Demonstration Van is a familiar sight at Agricultural Shows all over the country. The pictures you see here were taken at the Oxfordshire Show, where the Stork Van was the centre of a great deal of attention. As usual, demonstrations were given throughout the day, showing the visitors how to make the recipes in the latest Stork Recipe Booklet. After each demonstration there were free samples of cake and, of course, the recipe book was given away free to all who wanted it. If there is an agricultural show in your district at any time, why don't you pop along and visit the Stork Van? Not only will you be given our latest free recipe booklet, but any cookery problems you have will be answered by the team of experts.

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JOHN BULL
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The Cover

No, there's nothing like a tea towel for wiping the complacency off a fellow's face. And it's no good pleading that he's all washed up after a hard day at work—not while things are all washed up in the kitchen merely waiting to be dried. He's had the services of a good cook, she points out. So now comes the reckoning. "But at least if he were in a restaurant," says cover artist Heseltine, "he wouldn't have to do the dishes *and* foot the bill."

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

A Woman's Lot

WHAT is all this nonsense about a woman's work never being done? I reckon that I have a much easier time than my husband.

He works in an old-fashioned office where everything has been designed, it seems, to be awkward. I have a modern labour-saving kitchen that allows me to put the washing in the machine and the lunch in the automatic cooker while I have coffee with my friends.

While men's working conditions are not much different from those of the late nineteenth century, women's working conditions have progressed enormously.

Friends of mine put on the usual act of the washed-out wife when their husbands come home. I just don't have the nerve.—MRS. H. BROWN, Hinckley, Leicester.

Red For Drama

I was driving home recently when my eye was caught by a bright red blob a long way ahead. It turned out to be a red blanket from an ambulance, wrapped round a small boy who had been hurt in an accident.

I felt a morbid fascination in that red blanket and was compelled to slow down and gape.

Red seems to heighten the drama of accidents. Wouldn't it be better for ambulances to have blankets in dark, unobtrusive shades?—J. G. BAKER, Bowes Road, Palmers Green, London, N.13.

"The colour of the blankets varies with each local service," says an ambulance man.

"There are different ways of looking at this. If the blanket is red, blood won't show. If it is grey and blood is visible, the accident looks much worse than it is."

The Home Brand

On holiday in Italy we found smiling Italians who were only too willing to please us. One café proprietor even insisted on giving us a free telephone call. "We're not likely to meet this sort of attention at home," we told each other.

Arriving back in England we telephoned friends who were staying in our house to let them know we were coming. Through a misunderstanding, I pressed Button A too soon and could not get through.

We did not have time or change to make another call, but arrived home to find that the operator had rung through to say that "the lady" had lost her telephone money and would be back soon.—MRS. A. FRANCIS, Blackheath, Guildford, Surrey.

Healthy Sark

Fumes from engine exhausts have been blamed as a possible cause of lung cancer. It would be interesting to know to what extent this disease occurs on the Isle of Sark, where motor vehicles are banned.—T. M. DARLING, Lune Street, Saltburn-on-Sea, Yorks.

"There are certainly no cases of lung cancer on the island at the moment," says the Dame of Sark. "And I cannot remember a case for some considerable time.

"This might have something to do with the absence of fumes—but on the other hand the islanders do smoke a lot."

Impot Farmed Out

I am a nurse in a large provincial hospital. Recently, soon after the evening papers arrived, I noticed several patients writing busily. Since the majority usually wait impatiently for the papers and waste no time in settling down to read, I was intrigued.

It transpired that the paper boy

had been given some lines at school that day. He had distributed them among the patients and collected them when delivering the morning papers next day.

The sight of five serious-faced men writing, "I must not run in the art room," over and over again was most amusing.—MISS E. M. B., Rugby, Warwickshire.

Life-saving Drops

It was with great interest that I read Geoffrey Bond's recent series on the sinking of the Lancastria. At the time of the sinking my Royal Engineers' unit was engaged in destroying dumps and thousands of vehicles clustered round St. Nazaire.

The vast majority of the unit was comprised of Glaswegians, and when we found abandoned Naafi vans containing crates of whisky it would have been sacrilege to these Scotsmen to destroy it.

The result was that on boarding the Ulster Monarch a fair amount of whisky went on board as well.

Then a large number of Lancastria survivors were brought on the ship. At once the bottles were opened and the survivors were fed on whisky all the way to Falmouth.

There must be several people who owe their lives today to the Scotsmen who couldn't bear to leave that whisky for Jerry.—F. L. SMITH, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire.

Shocks Wanted

The real trouble with this country today is the fact that nothing ever happens to surprise us. The same old faces dominate our television and cinema screens. How long is it since a great new personality exploded on us—whether in entertainment or politics?

Too many wars, too many crises, too many "world-shaking" headlines—all the British want to do now is bury ostrich-like into the sand.

Is there no way in which we can waken ourselves up?—L. T., Richmond, Surrey.

Filling The Ranks

Police authorities constantly remind us that the force is below full strength, and yet able officers are retired at an early age.

Would not a solution to this problem be in transferring older men to the sedentary occupations within the force, releasing younger men for more active work?—C. W., Rochdale.

"Policemen have the right to retire on pension after twenty-five years' service," says the Home Office. "They get a bigger pension if they retire after thirty years—but there is a compulsory retiring age of fifty-five for constables and sergeants.

"The number of administrative and clerical jobs being done by policemen has been cut—and there are schemes whereby retired policemen are employed to do non-police duties with their old forces."

Safety Hooter

Hundreds of cars are stolen every week in London. Many could be prevented by an idea of a friend of mine. He had two cars stolen and decided it was time to take extra precautions.

His garage mechanic fitted his car with a device which removed the necessity for an ignition key; if my

friend wants to start his car he knows where the ignition switch is hidden.

However, if anyone tries to start the car the hooter will give a wild, continuous screech guaranteed to scare any thief.

The cost was 25s., a little cheaper than buying a new car.—REV. T. OLIVER EDWARDS, Bishopsthorpe Road, London, S.E.26.

Life Or Death Line

I am a telephonist on a private switchboard connected to a manual exchange. Recently when I had to make an emergency call I found that I had to wait a few minutes for the exchange operator to answer.

All private switchboards and telephones should be fitted with a direct emergency connection to the exchange. Delays in accident calls could very well be fatal.—M. J. EDWARDS, Birkbeck Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

"Generally we think there is no undue delay in answering the majority of calls," says the G.P.O. "However, there is a system whereby a switchboard operator or a private subscriber can get through quicker to his exchange.

"That is by flashing the operator, pressing the switch repeatedly. We must stress that we don't approve of flashing because of impatience. It should be for emergencies only."

Arresting Anthem

A reader's letter about the National Anthem ("Free Speech," September 5) recalls a happy personal memory.

It was two years ago at a soccer international match in which Scotland were beaten. A number of

a man looks and feels his best in

Peter Scott

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op.82

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[NCT 112 G]

IDEAL HOME MAGAZINE

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HEATING & LIGHTING

NUMBER

The October IDEAL HOME brings you the latest available systems of central heating and partial central heating. Installation costs are also supplied. In the Equipment Guide there are pages and pages showing the latest boilers, stoves, solid fuel, oil, electric and gas heating appliances. Up-to-the-minute features on lighting deal with decorative ideas for lamps and fitments. And there's a fully illustrated 14-page section on the IDEAL HOME R.I.B.A. Award Small Houses, as well as a host of other practical contents.

238 PAGES OVER 200 PICTURES

Ideal Home
MAGAZINE—2/3

OUT THURS. OCT. 15th

Scotsmen ran on to the pitch at the end of the game to commiserate with the beaten team. They led a posse of policemen a dance round the pitch.

Helmets went rolling and tempers became ruffled until two men were being frogmarched off the ground. Just then the anthem started.

The policemen dropped the two men who stood to attention, quite unmoving, until the end.

Then the little procession moved to the exit where the men were released. Nowhere could it have happened but in Britain.—GEORGE CARDER, Telford Road, New Eltham, London, S.E.9.

Arms Drill

Folding one's arms is an action few people stop to think about, but not everyone does it in the same way.

I noticed recently that the other three members of our family fold their arms with the left arm over the right, while I automatically place the right over the left.

Testing this out at a concert the following evening I noticed that out of sixteen people sitting with folded arms twelve had the left over the right. Is there any reason for this? —B. W. JONES, Sherwood Road, Great Crosby, Liverpool, 23.

"It's a matter of habit," says a psychiatrist. "Some people fold their arms different ways at different times."

Current Costs

As I have worked on overhead electric lines for thirty years, mostly on pylons, I was interested in the letter by the pylon-fighting farmer ("Free Speech," September 19).

People talk glibly of putting the cables underground without the slightest idea of the difficulties involved. High-voltage cables get very hot underground and have to be kept cool, a costly job. Then there is the insulation problem. I was on a job in the war where four cables, each carrying 132,000 volts, had to be laid underground for a quarter of a mile. The cost was £240,000.

Thousands of farms would still be without electricity if there were no pylons.—A. K., Somerset.

"There is a tremendous difference in the costs of the overhead and underground lines," says the Central Electricity Generating Board.

"Figures given in the House of Commons in 1957 showed that for the 275,000-volt supergrid line the cost per mile overhead is £25,000, while underground cable would cost between £300,000 and £400,000.

"For the 132,000-volt standard grid line, the difference would be £10,000 overhead and between £50,000 and £80,000 underground."

Tracking The Spores

Can anyone explain why suddenly in August giushrooms appeared on the lawn at the rear of our house? They grew in a ring formation and came up twice.

Mushroom spawn has never been planted in our garden and we wonder if it might have been carried by birds.—L. E. L., Hatfield, Herts.

"Wild mushroom spores can be carried by the wind," says an expert. "They take only if there is animal humus around.

"Some people try for years without success to get wild mushrooms to grow on their lawns. This reader can count herself quite lucky."

A Social Beat

Police in our state have established good relations with youngsters by police boys' clubs. Well-equipped and maintained by voluntary subscription, the clubs provide handicrafts, physical training, fencing and boxing.

The boys regard the police, who give so much spare time to this work, as their real friends.—MRS. S. COOPER, Park Avenue, Mosman, New South Wales, Australia.

All Friends Together

A large wild hedgehog came to my house two years ago. He talked to himself in a "piggy" language and ate a dish of bread and milk each night.

Then, a few months ago, I opened my door to find on the step a large cat, two black and white kittens and a baby hedgehog.

Now, as soon as it is dark, they all wait to be fed on the doorstep.

They are remarkably friendly, although the kittens sometimes steal all the bread and milk.—MRS. MARGARET WELLS, Cardington Road, Bedford.

Have we bungled our nuclear energy programme?

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

A searching inquiry into Britain's bid to lead the world in harnessing atomic power.

It begins . . . IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

"But what is a form of renunciation?"

The end of a stormy romance? Nothing so dramatic: it's simply a document which a shareholder must sign if she (or he) does *not* wish to take up additional shares in a company which have been allotted to her/him by way of a Rights Issue—or it may be a Capitalisation Issue. And what's a Rights Issue? And so we go on! All of which shows how necessary it is for the average man or woman to have somebody to guide them over the unfamiliar terrain of investment. Our customers are always sure of a friendly shoulder to lean on: they know that 'money is our business'; that although we don't give advice on investments we will always get them our brokers' opinion; and that we buy and sell shares for them at no extra charge whatever.

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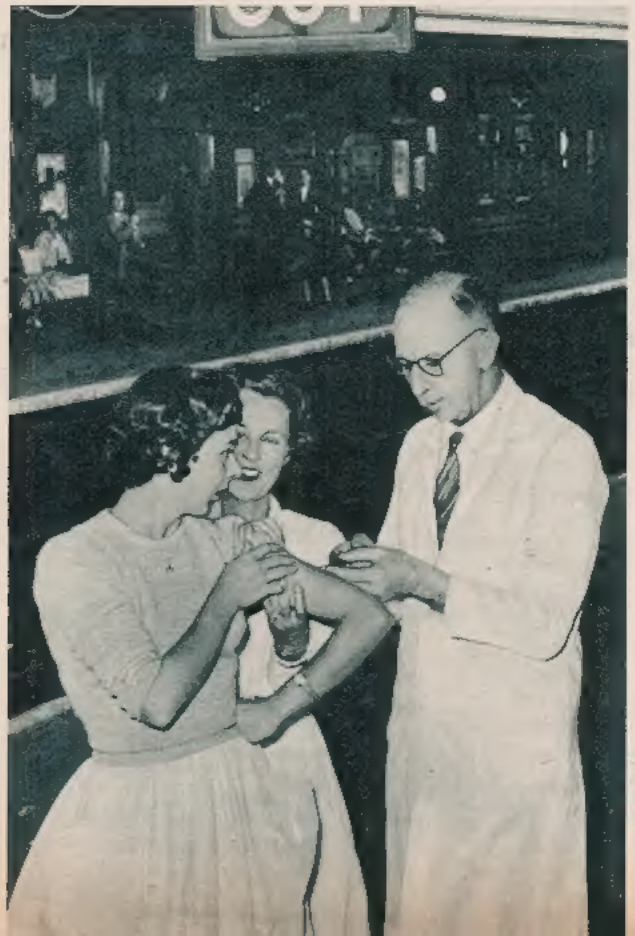
The frightening facts about the new POLIO MUDDLE

by Dr. PATRICK RICHARDSON

Only one thing brought us through the summer without a sweeping polio epidemic: luck. Because of official smugness, millions who think they're safe are still in danger



THE end of Britain's warmest summer for years was recently signalled at the Ministry of Health by a sigh of relief. For once again the haunting image of a devastating polio epidemic seemed to have faded for the time being.

Like many animals and plants, the polio virus, one of our cruellest enemies, tends to be active in fine weather and less active in the winter.

Reprieved by yet another summer in which outbreaks of the disease have been mercifully slight (a natural phenomenon unconnected with immunization), and lulled by the feeling that vaccine inoculations seem to be taking care of polio, the people of Britain have turned their backs on the problem. In this, they have been encouraged by a government lethargy over polio immunization which is amazing in the face of the known facts.

One small group of people do not share this general complacency. They are the polio virologists. They alone have lived and worked with the knowledge that we may be drifting smugly towards a disaster of the kind which hit Detroit last year, when more than 460 people contracted polio in an epidemic which broke out three years after immunization was introduced in America.

The virologists know that millions of children and young adults in Britain who have been injected with British, Canadian and American vaccine, and who may well believe that they are "safe," are not "safe" at all. Some, who have had two shots only, are almost as likely to get polio in an epidemic as people who have had no shots at all.

Those who have had three shots are better protected, but, with the vaccine now in use, nobody should be satisfied with less than four.

In two cases of paralytic polio admitted to the Western Hospital this year the patients had received three injections

Publicity for polio injections is left to local councils; there is no national campaign. Some do more than others—as in Surrey (left) where vaccine teams visit railway stations

The frightening facts about the new polio muddle

continued from previous page

each, while at least three other polio patients in the hospital had had two shots. At Islington, in April, three children contracted polio who had been inoculated many months earlier with two shots each.

The figures for last year are complete. Then, when only a very small proportion of the population had been inoculated, 178 people who had had two or more shots later contracted polio. Ninety-two of the cases were paralytic.

When the campaign for immunization began in this country, we were told that two injections would give good protection against polio. Since then, the scientists have had to revise their opinion. To understand why, it is necessary to know something of how immunization works.

The protective quality of polio vaccine depends on the amount of killed virus particles in it. The larger the number of dead particles, the greater is the production of antibody (substance which helps to repel germ invaders) in the person inoculated.

Salk's "Vaccine A," on which the original calculations were based, was a strong vaccine with more killed virus in it than the vaccines used today. The number of virus particles was reduced as a safety measure because several children contracted paralytic polio in 1955 through a batch of vaccine which got on to the market with live virus in it.

Salk himself questions the need for this additional safety precaution. Nevertheless, we are now in the paradoxical position of paying for increased safety with less protection.

The big worry

Now comes the point the experts are most worried about.

There are three kinds of polio virus, known simply as types 1, 2 and 3. Type 1 is the commonest and causes most of the paralysis and the epidemics. It is also the most difficult to guard against by inoculation.

"Unfortunately," it was said at a conference on polio immunization this year, "vaccine at present available, although producing satisfactory response to types 2 and 3 polio virus, does not always produce equally satisfactory response to type 1." And type 1 is the real danger.

After two doses of the vaccine in use today, the antibodies which protect us from type 1 virus fall away so rapidly that they afford little protection a year later. This is why the third injection is now given seven months after the second. But recent research has shown that only seven people out of every ten are likely to receive good, lasting protection, even after the third injection.

For something like thirty per cent of us, the type 1 component in the vaccine is too weak to give more than poor, short-lived protection.

It has been estimated by Medical Research Council scientists that there needs to be three times as much type 1 component in the vaccine as there is at present to make up the deficiency.

Is this practical in terms of mass production? After hearing the researchers' side of the story, I went to the makers to find out. They assured me that it is, though it is not an easy job.

They are working on the problem now and are confident that, with more research, they could fortify the type 1 component effectively. And a combination of three British manufacturers could produce enough vaccine to give four shots to everyone under forty.

One manufacturer alone could make enough vaccine to provide three shots for everyone up to thirty-five. Moreover, it could be adequately tested.

Yet, despite the fact that the results of polio can be more tragic in older victims, the age limit in the present campaign is only twenty-six. Jeff Hall, the Birmingham and England footballer, was twenty-nine when he died from polio this year. Though thousands rushed for immunization as a result, under the regulations Hall could not have obtained it if he had wanted to.

Polio vaccine is still available for priority groups only, and there is no way of obtaining the vaccine privately from chemists in this country.

Why, then, doesn't the government do something to remedy the matter? The answer is simple. To obtain better vaccine in larger quantities, further research and expanded production would be required of the manufacturers. It would be unreasonable to expect this without an assurance that the full output would be purchased for at least two years.

The government, therefore, would have to be confident that it could persuade people to use the vaccine.

Here the record is dismally poor. At the end of June, only 4,340,000 people had had three injections; less than twice that number had had two, and, even under the present low age ceiling, millions of people eligible for injections have still had none at all.

An expert national advertising campaign was needed to promote the scheme, but the government decided to leave propaganda to local authorities. Some areas did more than others. In Surrey, where the results were better than in most parts of the country, the schools were heavily placarded, and parents and expectant mothers were told about the scheme by post. Children who had injections were given letters to take back to their families encouraging older brothers and sisters to be immunized. This was particularly effective.

But a spokesman for one local authority says: "One of our worries is the hard core of people who are either illiterate or won't read, and therefore can't be reached by written appeal. We feel that they should be reached by radio and television."

"Another worry is the lack of guidance from the Ministry on their line for the future. We don't know if we'll be able to give a fourth dose or not."

Poor propaganda

Some local propaganda has been psychologically unsound. One county council press release suggested as a slogan for part of its immunization programme, "A jab on the job."

The term "jab"—a key word throughout much of the campaign—not only has repellent associations, but is also, by definition, inaccurate. Doctors who share my experience that substantial numbers of patients mistrust, and even fear, the needle, must have winced at the use of such a word.

Another result of leaving the responsibility mainly to local authorities was trouble over the distribution of vaccine. Counties, cities and towns are allocated vaccine on the basis of monthly requisitions calculated on the number of people in each area who have registered for inoculations.

This works smoothly while the demand for inoculations is reasonably constant. Without effective promotion on a national scale, however, the demand has fluctuated between a mere trickle and an occasional flood which has caused some authorities to waive the formality of registration.

When there was a temporary spurt in the demand for inoculations in April, a hundred towns and counties had to send emergency calls to the Ministry of Health for more vaccine.

Some were disappointed with the response. In the heat of the moment Dr. Ian MacQueen, Aberdeen's medical officer, said of the quantity of vaccine dispatched to him: "It's not enough. Our campaign can't go on."

A month earlier it had been announced that vaccine worth nearly a million pounds lay unwanted in the refrigerators of local authorities. About four million shots were available—but in the wrong places at the wrong time.

We were still muddling along in June, when Islington was experiencing a minor epidemic. "The problem of vaccine distribution has led to a long wait for the third inoculation," said Dr. Victor Freeman, the borough's medical officer.

And we are still fiddling with the problem.

In polio research centres all over the world, the talk today is of the polio pill. More and more doctors and scientists are looking to live, artificially-weakened virus, given by mouth, as the ultimate weapon against polio.

It is ironic that, after millions have been spent on its development, there should already be talk of abandoning the Salk-type vaccine before it has ever been tried out on a nationwide scale in Britain.

Salk vaccine could reduce polio to vanishing point. But it has never been given a chance to show what it really can do.

My talks with the virologists, the manufacturers and other doctors have convinced me that four things must be done, and done urgently, if we are to beat polio with Salk vaccine.

The potency of the vaccine must be increased. This is the most important single step that could be taken towards the conquest of polio with Salk vaccine. It means putting more killed virus into each shot, particularly more of the type 1 component. More research is urgently needed to discover the best way of doing this. Present vaccine conforms only to the minimum requirements laid down by the Ministry of Health, and these are now admitted to be too low.

The production of vaccine must be boosted. It is not satisfactory to stop immunization at three doses, nor should the upper age limit be twenty-six. Some of the worst polio cases occur after that age. Four injections should be available for all up to the age of thirty-five, better still, forty.

This must be done

The manufacturers must be assured that if they produce more vaccine it will be purchased. No such assurance has ever been given. It is unrealistic to expect firms to produce more and at the same time stand the risk of not being able to sell it.

The idea of polio vaccination must be "sold" expertly on a national scale. The government should make a much greater effort to stimulate and control public demand instead of allowing it to fluctuate as it will, and then harrying the makers with orders for millions of doses of vaccine at one time and at others letting vaccine go to waste.

It is impossible to plan smooth production on such a basis. Polio vaccine cannot be prepared quickly, and time must be allowed for testing and quality control.

But if the advice of the virologists is taken in full, inoculation of all up to the age of forty with four shots of more potent vaccine could make polio as rare and harmless in these islands as diphtheria and smallpox. There is time to make a good start before next polio season. If we do not, next year may not let us off so lightly. THE END

THE LAND'S GULLS

The seagulls follow the last gold grain,
Tractors and men in the failing light.
Winter is coming, and ploughing again,
And the wheeling cloud that is shrill white flight.

Lifting and landing, fierce and strong,
They carry the heart with the dark day's wave
Of sky streaked silver with wind and song
And the staves of the furrows laid bare and grave;

Of grey woods curving about the field
Where the shares pare back the delights they bring
And wings flock quarrelling round the yield;
As dear a joy in its way as spring.

J. PHOENICE

It's the new friendly way to make money. With a bit of luck you and your friends can be big financiers in a small way

How to play the market for £1 a month

Women were barred from the first investment club. Now these Wirral girls have made the biggest profit of all

by HILARY AGATE

WORKERS were streaming out of a huge office block in the centre of Liverpool one night last winter and lights were clicking off. But one room was filling instead of emptying. Twenty women—secretaries, typists, telephone operators, junior executives—sat down and drank tea. Then, with the clanking of cleaners' buckets and brooms sounding in the corridors outside, they got down to the serious business of making money. The Exchange Investment Club was in session.

Ninety minutes later they laid aside the balance sheets and newspaper cuttings they had been discussing. By a one-vote majority, they had decided to become Rolls Royce shareholders.

It had taken much argument to decide where they would invest the £20 the club injects monthly into British industry.

Ivy Reiners, a tall enthusiastic clerk who is the club's treasurer, had tried to persuade the women to put their money into Standard Motors. The firm had just announced a new model for which there was a long waiting list at car showrooms. "It's bound to give their shares a boost," she argued.

A telephone operator had won support for her view that the aircraft industry was a safer bet, until someone produced a newspaper which reported redundancy sackings in two major aeroplane companies.

Almost every big car firm had been mentioned before a young typist got up and said: "If we want to buy car shares, then why not Rolls Royce?" It's the most beautiful car of all and it will always sell. I may never have one but I'd like to think I owned a nut or bolt."

That speech virtually decided the vote, despite a warning from the treasurer that Rolls Royce £1 shares cost around £5 each. "Think how silly the stockbroker will feel—having to ask around for only four shares."

Such meetings, at which inexperienced small investors decide democratically by debate and vote where they will put their money, are still a novelty in Britain. But more of them are taking place, especially in the north-west where the British investment club movement began to grow.

Voluntary workers

There are already a score of clubs in Liverpool, Manchester, Blackburn, Birkenhead and other towns, linked together in the Association of Investment Clubs. Another score are in process of formation, and inquiries have reached the association's Liverpool headquarters from cities as far apart as London and Glasgow, Bristol and Newcastle.

Barry Groombridge, a heavily-bespectacled Liverpool shipping clerk of twenty-six, puts in around fifteen hours' voluntary work every week as chairman of the association's council. He says he is astounded by the snowball he helped begin at a coffee bar in West Kirby, Cheshire, one May evening last year.

"I was moaning to some friends about how the value of money kept falling and how my pension wouldn't be worth much by the time I was sixty-five. A stockbroker who was there suggested we should start investing, but I told him I didn't know much about it.

The stockbroker who had been to America told Groombridge to start an investment club and learn. He explained that in the United States more than eight thousand clubs, whose members are small earners seeking a money-making outlet for their weekly savings, invest about twenty-five million dollars every year.

Groombridge wasted no time. He persuaded three friends—another shipping company employee, an estate agent's assistant and a stockbroker's clerk—to join him in forming a club. They each decided to put £1 a month into a pool. Within a couple of weeks they had made their first investment, a few I.C.I. shares at 32s. 6½d., and were avidly reading the financial pages of newspapers and magazines.

"We bought the shares because the price was low," says Groombridge. The reason for this was that the company's profits had just taken a one million dip. "But we knew I.C.I. was a sound firm and that the shares were bound to rise again."

They did. When they touched 33s. 4½d. a month later many of Groombridge's friends wanted to join the club. By October there were twenty members, including the proprietor of the coffee bar where club meetings were held. By now the group had a properly registered name, the Wirral Investment Club, and were a legal partnership.

About this time one club member told his partner about the scheme during a waltz at a local dance. The girl, an attractive young book-keeper named Sheila Peers, asked if she and some of her friends could join.

Women barred

The men rejected the idea. Their attitudes ranged from that of one member who declared himself opposed to letting "chattering women" invade an all male sanctum to that of another who thought that younger girls would be afraid to air their views.

So Sheila Peers got working on her own. In November, 1958 the second investment club was formed: Wirral Ladies. It included typists, teachers, housewives, a personnel officer and an almoner. Sheila Peers was its treasurer, and its secretary was a twenty-one year old Hoylake girl, Paula Lee.

"We knew absolutely nothing when we started," says Paula Lee, "but we soon began to learn. We squeezed advice out of anyone we could—bankers, stockbrokers, accountants."

Last spring, with twenty-member clubs sprouting in Liverpool, Manchester and Birkenhead, after public meetings called by Groombridge and his friends, the most significant step so far was taken.

The Association of Investment Clubs

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Death would come to the white man slowly . . . horribly
His helpless captive would see to that

THE PRISONERS

by S. H. COURTIER

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

GRIFF MUNRO, of the North Australian Police, and Nyngan, the black tracker, caught up with Leo Thorde, who had murdered a prospector on the Auvergne River, in the midst of a huddle of isolated glazed slate rocks, standing up like monoliths in the heart of the Stuart Desert. The rocks were six days' hard travel west of Gillen Waters, the nearest settlement, and, while there probably *was* water nearer than fifty miles, for Leo wouldn't have headed into waterless country, Griff knew of none.

Leo had said he would never be hanged. He was right. When the shooting was finished, Griff's two camels were dead, Nyngan the tracker was dying, and Leo had a bullet in his brain. Only Griff and Leo's camel, which he had called Baron, were unscathed.

GRIFF, his brown, grey-eyed face lined with fatigue and his big lean frame drooping and his right foot aching, sat by Nyngan to the end, wetting the boy's lips and bathing his face with water from a canteen. It was the last canteen and the last water and the desert blazed with the heat of late summer, but Griff gave the water to the boy without hesitation. Nyngan called for water and Nyngan was his friend. Long treks and tough jobs had forged a bond of unquestioning confidence between them. Griff's aching foot was a reminder of just such confidence. Nyngan had once been trapped in a gunyah fire and called for Griff who had gone in and pulled him out and got his foot badly burned at the same time. The contracted instep muscles still hurt him when he was tired.

So, when Nyngan begged for water Griff did not deny him. The boy died with a last upward look and a flutter of fingers to ward off evil spirits, and, there being no one to see and wonder, Griff dropped his face into his hands and cursed the soul of Leo Thorde.

But, after a while, discipline and training asserted themselves, and he set about the work that had to be done. He wrote the details of the affray in his diary, got his camera from one of the packs and photographed the scene for the official record.

Then he dug the graves. He buried Leo where he lay under the monoliths, but Nyngan he put under a desert shrub burying him face downward, according to native custom so that debbil-debbils could not recognize him and plague his shade in the spirit world. He stuck bushes deep into the mound as a sign to wandering desert blacks that this was a sacred place and not to be disturbed. Save to remove the packs and saddles, he did not touch the camels, leaving them to the cleansing of the sun and winds.

He was now free to go after water. The sun had set and the big white moon was rising, the moon that would light his way to the soak where the canteens had last been filled. The great plain was pale and melancholy though in the west the last smoke of the day's heat still lingered red and brown. To the east led the line of tracks along which Griff would travel. They were deep-marked in the sand and pale-scratched on the clay, and you couldn't miss them in the light of the full moon. They were Leo's tracks, overlain by those made by Griff and Nyngan, and they were Griff's only guide back to the soak, fifty miles away.

Griff loaded his packs and saddle and empty canteens on to Leo's camel. As he rode away to the east, he raised his hand in salute to Nyngan's grave.

He was not really anxious about himself, though Nyngan had been his eyes in the desert. The boy had belonged to a desert tribe, and the desert blacks were noted trackers. A print in the sand told them all about the human being or animal or bird that had left it there. Survival in the desert depended upon ability to read the slightest sign. Once they saw a track, they never forgot it, and, if you told them about a track, they would recognize it when they saw it.

Moreover, they knew the watering places of the desert, the precious soaks, the rare springs, the rarer rock wells marked only by tiny fissures under outcrop rocks.

These were the immemorial secrets of the desert, and Nyngan had known them. Leo Thorde had known them, too, for he had made the desert his home and he had forced the blacks to yield their secrets to him. There were any number of grisly stories concerning Leo's cruel way with the blacks. It was a good thing he was dead.

By himself Griff would never find the soak but for the tracks. The soak was in a slight depression shaded by scrubby acacia. There was nothing to distinguish it from thousands of other depressions, similar in every respect save that they held no water.

Griff was thirsty and his foot ached abominably but he was not worried. Baron, the camel, was a big animal, iron-muscled and in hard condition. Griff estimated that Baron would travel the fifty miles to the soak in twelve hours without being unduly pushed. When he arrived there, he would hole up for a couple of days to prepare for the long ride into Gillen Waters. There were other watering places, but he could not count on finding them without the help of a blackfellow.

NOW the moon was high, the desert still and white under its milky radiance. There was no sound save Baron's occasional throaty grunt and the shuffling of his feet over the sand and the rattle of the empty canteens.

Griff's shirt was wet with sweat. He expected the heat to drop as the night wore on. But it didn't drop, increasing, rather, thickening the air till his skin prickled and a heavy pulse beat in his head. He was aware of an uneasy quality in the hot silence, a sensation of pent-up brooding. He attributed this to his general discomfort till he noticed a filmy haze about the moon. He stared at it for a moment, then jerked round to see, behind him, a long, low, black cloud that blotted out the western horizon. It seemed fixed, solid, immovable, but there were wispy, smoky streamers weaving up from it into the pale sky.

Griff knew exactly what the cloud meant: he had been in desert sandstorms before. He turned and drove Baron to greater effort. He had to get as far as possible before the storm struck. It was not the storm he feared, but its aftermath.

The cloud crept up slowly, almost imperceptibly, till it towered behind him like a great black wall. Spirals of dust whirled far up into the sky above it. The sound of the wind behind the cloud grew to a deep vibration evoking a responsive quivering in the man and the camel. Baron was racing now.

Suddenly, the storm was on them. Griff had time only to put Baron down and shelter himself on the animal's lee side before the black cloud sprang at him with a howl of wind and hiss of flying sand. The moon vanished in the black pall of dust, and Griff and the camel crouched in darkness filled with the roar of the gale and pelting sand that stung the flesh like myriad needle points.

The pressure of the wind increased. It sucked the breath from his lungs and buffeted his ears till they ached. The dust clogged his nostrils and infiltrated his mouth and throat and eyelids. Nor was Baron any better off. He grunted and twisted and groaned, and, when the sand heaped against his side, he would half-rise to his knees to dislodge it. Griff hung on grimly to the nose-rope. It was his life-line.

After three hours the storm ceased as suddenly as it began. The wind died, the sand dropped, and the high cloud of dust passed over. The air was queerly fresh and cool. The moon, now well past the zenith, came out to shine on a desert that was completely new. Where there had been sand reaches was polished clay; where there had been clay was sand.

And where there had been the tracks of three camels there was no sign to show that anybody had been that way before. Moreover, the holes in the soak where Griff and Nyngan had dug for water would be hidden under a foot or more of sand, and only a blackfellow could tell that water lay below.

Griff did not allow himself to think of that at first. He took off his clothes and shook the dust out of them. He rubbed himself down with a towel to remove the dust clinging to his body, and he got dried apricots and chewed them long and slowly to take the dust dryness from his mouth and throat. The air had turned cold and it numbed his thirst. But he was not deceived. When the sun rose in a few hours, his thirst would be a torture.

YOU can't blink away facts in the desert. As he dressed again, Griff measured his chances. Unless he found water, he could look forward to another forty hours of life—perhaps fifty hours, but no more.

Because there were no tracks, there was no point in riding on in the night. Besides, a tired man succumbs more quickly to heat. So, first roping the camel securely, he bedded down where the storm had caught him.

The sun woke him up. It rose in a harsh orange glow, its level rays giving the desert a red tinge. He felt the heat licking around him. In an hour, it would be like a stiff, torrid curtain pressing on him.

His first thought was for the camel. Baron was quietly chewing the cud and eyed him coolly. Griff made up his mind to eat and examined his food pack. There was meat, tinned and dried. He couldn't face that. He had flour and tea, sugar and salt—all useless. So he ate dried apricots, and afterwards wished he hadn't, the sweet sticky taste lay in his mouth and he

Silently the girl fluttered her fingers in hand talk, "Shall I kill the white man now, while he sleeps?" she gestured

The prisoners

continued from page 12

ranged for great swallows of cold water.

He loaded Baron, climbed into the saddle and set off, riding into the sun. He had come at least thirty-five miles during the night. The soak, therefore, was about fifteen miles ahead of him. He could do nothing but go after it, even though he had only one in a million chances of finding it.

There was another chance he didn't think of till late in the afternoon, and then only because he saw the blackfellow. The man was a desert tribesman, naked, thin, ridge-ribbed, marked on body and limbs with the scars of manhood. He sat under a small cork-tree about a hundred yards off Griff's line of march and he blended so well with the shade of the tree Griff would not have seen him had he not stood up.

Griff's heart leaped into his burning throat when he saw the native. This man would know where to find water! And he wrenched Baron's head around and rode straight at the black, scarcely daring to believe his eyes. But the native was real enough. He stood watching with unblinking gaze.

Griff was within ten yards of him when there was a sudden change. The deepset eyes dropped from Griff's face to the camel and then to the camel's big splayed hoofs, the skinny right foot came up, a short thin spear gripped between the toes. In the same movement, the spear was in the black's hand and he was throwing it. Griff had time only to throw himself forward along Baron's neck, and even then he felt the breath of the spear on his face. Before he could straighten up, the black was gone, running across the sand.

A sense of terrible urgency and crisis overwhelmed Griff. He had no time to wonder why the black had tried to spear him. The black was going, and with him any hope of getting water. He couldn't let the black get away. He drove his heels into Baron's flanks and dragged the nose-rope on his neck.

Baron swung into a trot that was leggy and awkward, yet carried him over the ground at a good speed. But the black could run. Watching the dust spurt from under his heels, Griff had the horrible feeling he would escape. Then he remembered he had a rifle. He fired a shot into the air.

The shot ended the chase. The black stopped and fell to his knees. It was as if he were silently imploring for mercy. Griff ran the camel alongside him, hooshed down and jumped from the saddle.

Griff said in the desert dialect: "I don't want to hurt you. I won't hurt you. I'm thirsty. I have not drunk for more than a day. Which way water?"

The black stayed on his knees. He did not speak. His face was the colour of lead, and only his eyes moved, flickering from Griff to the camel.

The myall's afraid of Baron, Griff thought. He wondered why. He said: "I won't let the camel hurt you. . . See"—he pointed at the badge in his hat—"I am a police fella. I have no water and I'm thirsty. Take me to water and I'll give you flour and sugar and tobacco."

The black looked up at him, but his lips remained closed.

"Come, speak up, man. Which way water?"

The black gave no sign that he heard or understood.

Anger began to smoulder in Griff but he fought it down. You can't beat the desert by losing your temper; you've got to keep your head to play the game coldly. And you can't lose your temper with the myalls. You don't know what you're up against. Maybe this one was under a tabu that forbade him to speak, maybe he was on magic ground and could not speak without incurring the wrath of the gods, maybe he was merely scared stiff. Whatever it was, you only lost by bullying him.

He unfastened his food pack and took out a tin of tobacco and put it on the sand in front of the myall. "Yours, blackfella. And there'll be more when you show me the water."

The black ignored the tin. Griff placed more tobacco beside it, then flour and sugar, then a handful of dried meat, finally tinned meat. The black did not even look at them.

Griff was exasperated. Bits of native lore learned from Nyngan came back. He remembered that water was the most precious possession of the desert tribes, that betraying the secret watering-places had been punished by death. Better an individual perished than the tribe, argued the elders.

Perhaps, back in the sacred *Ipurunga* place, the witch-doctor had "sung" a death bone against revealing where water could be found, and the myall knew he would die if he talked. Thinking of this, Griff said: "Blackfella, I must have water. If you like, we'll wait till the night comes. Then you can take me to water and I'll fill my cantrens and I'll never know where the water is. And you can wipe out the tracks so that no one will know."

But the black looked past Griff as though contemplating the hard blue sky. His manner had become aloof, impersonal, entirely inflexible. Griff thought, *If I were Leo, he'd talk. Leo would make him squeal. There would be a rope twisted around his throat till his lungs burst for air, or a red-hot knife jabbed into his armpits.*

Griff pulled himself up. He must not start thinking like Leo, next thing he'd find himself *acting* like Leo. But he had to have water. He'd been without water for more than twenty-four hours. Already the skin was tightening on his bones, already he had lost weight. The desert sun dries you out quickly when you are thirsty.

He looked at the black and his eyes darkened. "All right, you needn't talk. But you're going to take me to water. You get thirsty too, blackfella."

He put the tobacco and food back in the pack. From the other bag he took a long, light, but powerful chain with a neck loop at one end. He locked the loop around the black's neck and he locked the other end to an iron ring on the saddle. This was the way black prisoners were brought in. He climbed into the saddle and the camel came swaying up.

"Right, blackfella," Griff said. "It's up to you. *Which way water?*"

They started off, Griff, the camel and the black. They went east and sun burned like fire on their backs and their lengthening shadows were black on the sand ahead of them. Nothing else moved in the desert. There were no birds, no animals, no tracks, no sign at all, only the great spread of yellow sand and the polished clay pans and the lonely desert trees with their dull green leaves hanging listlessly.

They walked till the sun went down. Then Griff called a halt. The veins in his head were swollen and throbbing, there was the pain of sun glare behind his eyes and the pain of thirst in his throat. His right foot ached and there was a gritty stiffness in his joints.

He walked around for a little, limping because of the sore foot, trying to work the stiffness out, and, as he walked, he studied his prisoner. The black had squatted down when they halted. He sat with his legs doubled under him and his hands dangled between his knees. He gazed into the distance, never looking at Griff or the camel. He seemed remote, superior to time and circumstance.

God! Have I got to savage him? thought Griff desperately. He went to the food pack and took out the dried apricots. He sat down with his back against Baron's big body and started to eat. The first taste sent a quiver of revulsion through his jaws and his stomach rose in rebellion. But he forced himself to chew and, after a time, there was a slight flow of saliva and he was able to swallow. Nevertheless, he could manage no more than two pieces and he knew he was near the danger margin.

He thought for a while, then returned the apricots to the pack and took out a tin of salt. Carrying the tin in one hand, he jumped at the black, threw him to the ground and sat straddled across his chest. The myall struggled viciously, but Griff was the heavier by fifty pounds.

He gripped the skinny arms under his knees, clamped his free hand over the broad nose. The black gasped for breath and Griff tucked the lid off the tin and shot the salt into the gaping mouth. He dropped the tin and locked both hands around the black's jaws to stop him spitting the salt out.

He let go after a minute and stood up, his chest heaving, for the last twenty-four hours had sapped his strength.

The black lay on his back gagging and spitting then he rolled over and retched.

"Now," panted Griff, "we'll see if that'll make you take me to water."

The desert man gave him a deep sombre look. Somehow it made him think of a hurt animal and he was suddenly miserable as though he had done a despicable thing. He forgot his thirst and compared himself with Leo Thorde. But only for a moment.

The burning dryness of his mouth and throat returned, and he hoped the black was suffering as he was.

When the moon rose they went on. The black walked slowly, his mouth writhing and his tongue flickering over his lips. Griff saw that he was thirsty and he was glad. His own thirst tore at him. He was weak, now, and his head swam, and he had to hold on to the saddle bow. He tried to force his mind from water, to relax, to assure himself that any moment the black

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Quietly Jack Brabham has coaxed his cars to victory—and a surprise world lead. With one vital race to go he's . . .

THE MAN WHO'S BEATING STIRLING MOSS

by JERRY AMES

In the 1959 Monaco Grand Prix, the contest was between the green-painted racing cars of Britain and the red Italian machines. At first Jean Behra, the French champion, took the lead, but his engine seized up. Half-way through the race Stirling Moss was in front, shadowed by Jack Brabham in a small works Cooper.

Brabham, the quiet, calculating Australian who has come from obscurity to gain leading place in the 1959 world championship rankings, knew that it would be fatal to try to pass Moss on the tight little two-mile circuit, where a driver has to change gear every ten seconds. He was also aware that Moss's car had a new and untried gearbox, which would be taking severe punishment.

He decided to wait, and push Moss from behind, forcing him to use his gears continuously. A few laps from the end, Moss slowed, letting Brabham through into the lead . . . and next time round Brabham saw Moss standing dejectedly beside his retired machine in the pits.

Victory gave Brabham his first points towards the world championship. Since then he has won the British Grand Prix at Aintree and been placed second in the Dutch and third in the French Grand Prix. With one race to go—in Florida—Stirling Moss is his nearest challenger for the title. Victory will clinch it for him, a win for Moss, with a point for the fastest lap, and the English ace will snatch the championship.

Within the last two or three seasons Brabham has developed from a driver of no more than ordinary promise to a £10 000-a-year world class performer whose services are sought by the leading manufacturers of racing cars.

A few months ago he turned down a lucrative offer from Aston Martin. Tony Vandervell, the millionaire owner of the Vanwall cars, says: "Jack Brabham would be welcome to drive a Vanwall at any time."

This success has been achieved without spectacular methods. Brabham is a skilled motor engineer who knows as much about the cars he drives as the mechanics who service them, and he uses this knowledge to coax them through the gruelling hazards of the major international circuits.

Drives to a plan

His races are tactical campaigns, carefully thought out beforehand and rigidly followed in practice. As a result, he suffers less from mechanical breakdowns than most of his rivals.

At Rheims, during the French Grand Prix, he noticed that his clutch was beginning to slip fifteen laps from the end. Brabham eased off for the rest of the race, knowing that with normal driving the clutch would burn out within five laps. He was able to keep going to the end—and took third place.

In a sport which has a notoriously high fatality rate among its leading exponents, Brabham never takes unnecessary risks. Before a sports car race at Aintree he decided to fit his two-litre Cooper Monaco with part-worn tyres which were particularly suited to the

Brabham and son Geoffrey gets a push from his wife "Seeing him race screws me into a knot," she says

hard dry surface of the track. He was gambling that no rain would fall.

The race developed into a duel between Brabham and Graham Hill driving a more powerful Lotus. "We had a highly interesting drive," says Brabham, until it rained."

"Hill had taken the precaution of fitting deep-cut tyres to his car, and he just walked away with it in the last few laps." Brabham realized the futility—and the danger—of trying to stay with Hill to the finish in the slippery conditions. "I just toured round for the rest of the race."

Most of his success has been achieved with variations of the Cooper car. He owns a Formula 2 Cooper himself, and has taken a leading part in testing the Formula 1 machines and developing them into world-beaters.

This expert knowledge often proves useful. During the Dutch Grand Prix when he began to have gear trouble he estimated that he would just about finish the race before the fault needed urgent attention. The decision proved correct, and he avoided a pit stop which would have robbed him of second place and vital championship points.

Whenever he races abroad, Brabham takes particular care to bring all the necessary equipment. Last winter, when he was racing against Stirling Moss in Australia. Moss broke the front suspension on his Cooper, while practising for an important race.

Before leaving England, Brabham had personally checked over his spares and had decided to take a front suspension unit in case of emergency. This was the only Cooper suspension in Australia, and sportingly he handed it over. In the race he was narrowly defeated by Moss.

In common with most Grand Prix drivers, Jack Brabham doesn't drink or smoke. Unlike most of them, he possesses a dry, equable temperament and is philosophical when he loses.

Always a grin

Says a friend: "Jack always looks at life the world with a cheerful grin. There is only one way to tell when he's really pleased: he has a characteristic habit of putting the tips of his fingers together and rubbing his palms."

He started motor racing thirteen years ago, after being persuaded—reluctantly—by Johnny Schonberg, a former American ace, to watch a midget-car race meeting at Brisbane. "I was frightened to death," he recalls.

Back in Sydney, Schonberg wanted a new midget car and persuaded Brabham, then in business as a motor engineer, to build it. At the last moment, when the car was ready, Schonberg was unable to drive it, and Brabham decided to try it out in a race himself. Soon he developed a zest for the sport.

He also discovered that it was worthwhile financially, and that he was usually able to win. In his first year he was midget-car champion of New South Wales. Later, he became Australian champion, and turned to road racing.

In Australia, Brabham showed the kind of determination which has taken him to the top of the sport. During the tough ten thousand mile round-Australia rally, in which the competitors often have to drive through dried-up river beds where no roads exist, his car struck a boulder which was partly hidden by sand. The front wheels were pushed three feet under the chassis, the oil sump cracked, and the fan was forced into the radiator.

Under a scorching sun, Brabham walked twenty-seven miles to the nearest settlement, borrowed the necessary tools and equipment and returned. After working all night and most of the following day, he made the car serviceable enough to drive. He continued for another thousand miles before he decided to pull out.

His chance to compete internationally came when someone who had ordered a new Cooper-Bristol from England died suddenly, and the car was put up for sale. With financial assistance from his father, and an oil company, Brabham bought it.

Soon he had stripped it down and incorporated some of his own ideas in the design. When re-assembled the car was much faster, enabling him to perform creditably against the Ferraris and Maseratis of visiting European drivers.

Contact with drivers like Moss, Whitehead and Bira persuaded him to try racing in Europe. In 1955 he sold up his interests in Sydney, including the Cooper-Bristol, and came to England.

At first, driving a Cooper-Alta originally raced by Moss, he had little success. Later he changed to a Maserati, in which he gained valuable experience of Grand Prix racing. But it wasn't until Charles Cooper invited him to drive one of his works entries that Brabham really began winning.

His toughest mile

At that time Coopers were concentrating on sports cars and Formula "2" racing. Roy Salvadori was the firm's number one driver, but there was nobody who could back him up in important races. Cooper thought that Brabham was the man for the job. Glad of the opportunity, Brabham understudied Salvadori closely, modelling his driving on Salvadori's forceful style.

When Cooper decided to compete in Formula 1 events, he chose Brabham to drive the new works Cooper in its first big race—the 1957 Monaco Grand Prix. Although the Cooper engine was the smallest in the race, Brabham had moved up towards the end, into third place behind Fangio and Tony Brooks. But in the final lap his engine cut dead, due to lack of fuel.

Brabham could still rank as a finisher if he pushed his car single-handed, one more mile to the finishing line. That mile, the last part of it uphill, was the longest, toughest mile that Brabham had ever known. He finished, then collapsed from exhaustion.

This year the Cooper machines, equipped with a more powerful engine, are among the fastest in Formula 1 racing, and Brabham has had a chance of showing what he can really do.

His driving skill can probably be matched by a few other top performers. But his patient and methodical approach to problems, both on and off the track, is rare among racing drivers.

Driving back from the Pescara Grand Prix in a saloon car, with Brooks and Salvadori as passengers, Brabham got stuck in a long queue of vehicles behind several truckloads of Italian carabinieri complete with motor-cycle escort. Despite the complaints and jibes of his passengers, Brabham refused to budge an inch from his place in the queue.

"If Tony Brooks hadn't elbowed him out of the driving seat and driven across the nearest field," says Salvadori, "we would probably have been there all night."

THE END

would turn aside to a soak or rock well, that he had no need to worry. But the black went on, silently, slowly, stiffly, and with no sign of halting.

At midnight, Griff could go no farther. In tones that were a creaking caricature of his normal voice, he hooshed down and slumped out of the saddle. The black stood where he had stopped, apparently taking no notice. He seemed as uninterested as the solitary trees, as detached and immutable as the moon-washed desert.

Griff did not bother to take the packs and saddle from Baron. He roped the camel to a small tree, tied the nose-rope to his belt and lashed the rifle to his left leg. Then he sprawled on the sand, choosing the opposite side of Baron to the black.

The black lay down, too. But his eyes stayed open and he listened to every sound Griff made. When he knew Griff was asleep, he sat up, careful not to let the chain rattle, and looked eagerly over the plain.

Presently a shadow moved from under a cork-tree, a furlong or so away. The black's eyes fastened on it and his mouth opened. The shadow came over the sand without a sound and the moonlight revealed a lubra. She was young, round-limbed and firm-breasted, and her eyes glinted like a wild thing's. She carried a large coolamon which she held carefully with both hands.

Her wild eyes shooting at Griff's sprawling form, the lubra came on till she was with the black. She knelt beside him and he took the coolamon from her and lifted it to his lips. Baron, eyeing the lubra, snorted loudly, for he could smell the water and he was thirsty, too. The black and the lubra turned frightened eyes on Griff, but he did not stir. Reassured, the black drank. He paused, took a deep breath and drank again, and he didn't stop till the large wooden vessel was empty.

He put the coolamon down and the lubra fed him with yams and witchetty grubs and pieces of burned lizard, which she took from her girdle.

The lubra was silent, but her fingers fluttered in hand talk. "Shall I kill the white man now, while he sleeps?" she gestured.

The black's hands came up in protest. "Let him alone. He will die tomorrow and his death will be the death he deserves. I shall walk him around, till his thirst slays him."

"The camel!" she pointed—"it is evil, too."

When the white man is dead, we shall kill it. It will be a feast." He touched the chain and his fingers fluttered. "Have stones ready, so that we can break this thing around my neck. Hard stones for the thing is strong. Now go. The white man might awake, and he has his rifle."

The lubra said no more. She took the coolamon and filled it with sand. Then she began to walk backwards, placing her feet exactly where she had placed them before, and, with every step, she bent, smoothed out the tracks with her hand and sprinkled sand from the coolamon on the marks. In the morning there would be no trace of her visit for the white man to see.

Griff awoke from horrible dreams of thirst to the horrible reality of thirst. There was a furry dryness in his mouth

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My joy at Otto's freedom turns to tears

After seventeen months of agony I knew my husband had escaped. Now came the shattering truth: he was a prisoner—of his own people

After John's return to West Germany, he tried to enter England to see his wife. But at Dover he was turned back

Danish journalist Henrik Bonde-Henriksen devised a plan to help John's escape to the West

As soon as I heard that Otto had escaped back to West Germany I made arrangements to catch the first available plane to Bonn. My heart was singing as I packed a suitcase in my Hampstead flat. Otto was free again, and safely back in the West! I hardly dared believe it. Soon I'd be talking to him quite freely, without having to use the stilted phrases to which we'd become accustomed in our letters and telephone calls during the seventeen terrible months when he was a prisoner of the Communists. We would go back to the flat in Cologne again, and I would cook a meal for him.

At Bonn airport I was met by Otto's former deputy, and his old chauffeur, who had come out of retirement specially for the occasion, he greeted me with a huge, pleased grin. We drove straight to the office of the Security Department, to which Otto had been taken after his escape from East Berlin.

But when we arrived there I had an unpleasant shock—I found that Otto was virtually being held prisoner. Dr Bruckner, chief of the security police, was suspicious and disagreeable. He allowed me to see Otto for only a short time, and insisted on being present.

After a few minutes Bruckner announced that our time was up. I turned to leave, almost heartbroken. Otto was back—but only to be treated like a criminal. As we parted he said cheerfully: "Don't worry, *Liebchen*—such things are sent to try us. It is my duty to tell about everything that has happened to me, then we can be together again." But I wasn't reassured. I had noticed that Otto's hands were trembling. He was near to a breakdown.

Days without news

Next day he was taken to police headquarters at Wiesbaden for interrogation. I returned to Cologne to wait for his release. Every day we were allowed to talk for a short time on the telephone.

The days dragged on without any definite news. But one evening I had a visitor: Henrik Bonde-Henriksen, the Danish journalist who had crossed the border into West Berlin with Otto.

Bonde-Henriksen told me how he had helped Otto to escape. In the summer of 1955 he had gone to a press conference in East Berlin. Among those present he noticed Otto, who was appearing for the first time in public as a journalist. Casually he got into conversation with Otto, and arranged to meet him.

Later Otto met Bonde-Henriksen again in the Newa Restaurant, East Berlin. While the guards—who followed Otto everywhere—loitered in the hall, they sat down at a table next to a serving hatch, where the rattle of plates rose above their voices.

Now that he was assured of a reliable accomplice, Otto was impatient to make his getaway. He had already worked out a scheme. He would make an appointment with a professor at Humboldt University, in the Eastern zone of Berlin.

Fled in disguise

Otto told Bonde-Henriksen: "I'll go in by the rear entrance, and ask the guards to leave me alone for a few moments with the professor. Then I'll walk into the university and straight out again through the front entrance where you will be waiting in a car with a Danish flag."

Bonde-Henriksen played his part painstakingly. On Otto's behalf he approached a German security official in West Berlin about the plan and was promised full support. He went to an optician and ordered a pair of plain glass spectacles. "I have a friend," he explained, "who thinks he is short-sighted. In fact his eyesight is nearly perfect. I propose to give him the spectacles. He'll probably say his eyesight is wonderfully improved. Then I'll tell him after a while that the spectacles are made of window-glass. That ought to cure him of his fancies." The optician thought it was a wonderful idea.

On December 12, 1956, after weeks of careful preparation, Bonde-Henriksen drove to the university. A few minutes later Otto came sauntering slowly down to the front entrance. He got into the car, put on the spectacles, lit an unaccustomed pipe, and pulled the brim of his hat well down. Bonde-Henriksen drove on towards the border. At the East German control point a Communist policeman flashed his torch—a red one. Bonde-Henriksen leaned across and shouted: "Good evening, officer. Everything is all right!"

The policeman glanced at the Danish flag on the car and waved Bonde-Henriksen on. Over on the West side of the border a squad of armed police waited for the first sign of trouble, ready to go in and snatch Otto back by

The happiness of Lucie John (left) at her husband's escape was not to last. Soon he was virtually a prisoner in West Germany—for suspected treason

force. They weren't needed. Bonde-Henriksen drove on into West Berlin. Half an hour later the two men stepped into a plane bound for Bonn.

While Bonde-Henriksen was telling me about the escape I noticed that he was still tensed and nervous from the experience. When a car stopped outside the flat he looked out of the window. He said: 'Look, they're coming for me.' It's better than I ran to the window. Three men emerged from the car and walked purposefully to my front door. Apprehensively I went downstairs to ask what they wanted. They were newspapermen who had been told of Bonde-Henriksen's visit, and thought they scented a story.

Christmas 1955 was approaching. The season as I reflected dismally, and I waited alone in the flat for definite news about Otto—of goodwill towards men. Each morning I awoke with the renewed hope that he would be released in time for us to spend Christmas together. This hope was finally dashed on the morning of December 23 when I received a message from the Security Department at Bonn. Your husband has been arrested and charged with treasonable activities against the State.

In my small attic flat opposite Cologne University the telephone began to shrill unceasingly. Whenever I picked it up I would hear the gloating voices of Nazi sympathisers expressing their jubilation at Otto's arrest. Christmas cards poured in by the score. On many were scrawled insulting messages.

Otto refused bail

One of them depicted a card table with four players seated round it, with the message: 'You don't seem lucky now.' Another stated: 'I hope you will hang at the next tree to your traitorous husband.'

At first it seemed that the trial was to be only a formality. A leading politician told me: 'We are putting your husband on trial in order to vindicate him.' But as the months passed I became increasingly anxious. Otto was refused bail—it was thought he might abscond to Britain—and for security reasons he was moved from one place to another—from Wiesbaden to Pforzheim prison, then to Mannheim, and later to the big fortress prison at Hohenaspergs.

His health began to fail: he developed jaundice and a liver complaint and was advised to undergo an operation for gallstones. His prison doctor told him: "If you have the operation you will be released on medical grounds, and you can go where you like and your trial will not take place.' But Otto refused. 'If I don't stand trial,' he replied, 'everybody will say the case has been rigged. Anyway, the operation might kill me, and I don't want to die without being exonerated.''

I travelled from one prison to another visiting Otto and making every attempt to alleviate his suffering. He began to be affected by the nervous strain. The investigating judge sent him for treatment to a mental hospital at Heidelberg. But Otto received little benefit from the visit. He was kept in a room next to some twenty hopeless lunatics.

Otto's trial began on November 12, 1956, nearly eleven months after his arrest—at the High Court in Karlsruhe, housed in the former palace of the Badensian princes. The prosecution accused him of betraying the government of West Germany while a prisoner of the Communists in East Berlin. The attorney-general demanded a sentence of two years' imprisonment.

At first we were confident and optimistic. Otto would soon be free. It was to be the last chapter of our personal nightmare—the happy ending. The legal arguments dragged on for a month.

Otto's defence was that he had been kidnapped—that during his captivity he had told the Communists nothing of value; that he had remained loyal to the West, and had escaped at the first opportunity.

Finally I was called to give evidence. I arrived in the witness-box wearing by accident, a suit which exactly matched the purple robes of the judges. 'Frau John,'' remarked a newspaper columnist, "has come to pass judgment on those who are trying her husband.'' I told the presiding judge: 'My husband fought the Nazis because of his religious convictions. How could he possibly throw in his lot with the evil creed of the Communists?'

'They will not listen'

Then, as the trial wound to its end, I saw Otto's optimism drain away. Despite the fact that nobody had contradicted his evidence, he sensed the hostility of the court towards him. In the intervals between sittings we were allowed to meet in a big, draughty hall where the pressmen, witnesses and the public assembled.

After one sitting, I recall Otto coming back from the courtroom, looking tired and dispirited, to sit down heavily beside me on one of the hard benches in the hall. ''They won't hear my case,'' he said. He added bitterly: ''If I had claimed that I went to the East in order to campaign for German reunification I would have been acquitted already.''

Two days before the end I went back to my flat in Cologne to wait for the judgment. Late in the afternoon of December 22 a friend of ours, a French woman journalist, telephoned me. 'It's terrible,'' she said excitedly. 'Otto has been sentenced to four years. This is another Dreyfus case. They proved nothing against Otto.''

I was overtaken by the nervous strain of the preceding weeks, culminating in the sudden shock of the savagery of the sentence—twice as heavy as the maximum demanded by the prosecution. For two days I was paralysed and helpless. But by degrees, the knowledge that I was the one person who could continue to support Otto enabled me to recover.

Otto had been sent to Munster prison to serve the remaining three years of his sentence. Too weak to do physical work, he was unable to earn the pittance given to other prisoners, which they were allowed to spend on small comforts such as extra food and tobacco.

For a long time I was unable to visit Otto. Three months before his trial I had broken my arm in a fall, and the injury had failed to heal. Early in 1957 I returned to England for a series of bone-grafting operations in the Middlesex Hospital, which lasted four months. It was in December of that year when I was eventually able to go back to Germany.

When I reached Munster prison the chaplain showed me into a room where two convicts were tying up Christmas parcels. Neither of them showed much enthusiasm.

Otto shuffled into the room. I was stunned at his appearance. He seemed to be dying. His features were lined and haggard and his eyes regarded me feverishly from dark sockets. Since his return from the East he had lost four

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Susannah and the Icarus

Dick Brown defied gravity with the craziest contraption in Corlbury. Then he dared all for love— and came smack down to earth

by CLIVE BURNLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN KESELTINE

WHEN, one day in 1910, Susannah Ruckleworth was commanded to attend her father in his study, she was twenty-three and no longer a minor. But at that time feminine emancipation had not everywhere achieved its major triumph of turning papa into poppet—certainly not at Hammercoat House, that lumpy piece of neo-Gothic architecture on the outskirts of Corlbury.

Susannah obeyed the summons with foreboding, but also with a gay little smile to show that she had nothing on her conscience.

Papa stood with a careful expression of gravity and sorrow on his face before the dull gleam of morocco leather bindings in his bookshelves. Frederick Arthur Ruckleworth knew that in him was vested the divine right of parental prerogative.

He began by reminding his daughter that she was engaged to Claude Delavarock in every way a suitable match, and that therefore he expected her to terminate at once her acquaintanceship with this rapscallion adventurer Brown, an association which was giving rise to so much scandal.

"Of course, my dear," he said, "I can understand that the fellow seems romantic enough, in a daredevil way to a young girl who doesn't know too much about the world. So does a lion-tamer, I suppose. That's all this fellow Brown is, you know—a sort of circus performer. What a way for a man to waste his time—and, I expect, other people's money—just learning to do tricks like an acrobat!"

"But he's really quite a gentleman, Papa. He——"

"I don't wish to discuss it any further," said Mr Ruckleworth with finality. "Your mother has gone to meet Claude at the station in the dog-cart and he will be here at any moment. Do you want to lose him? You must terminate this dangerous association at once."

"With Dick Brown you mean? But Father——"

Susannah happened to be looking out of the window in the wild hope that she might seen written across the front lawn in block capitals the things she wanted to say, but wouldn't think of until later, but instead she saw Dick Brown himself, and screamed instantly.

Not that Dick, with his rather chubby countenance and slightly oversized ears, would ordinarily have terrified her—quite the reverse—but at this particular moment he was plunging through the air at forty-five miles an hour directly for the tulip bed, where, ready to impale him, stood the sundial . . .

That was the trouble with Dick. He flew. He defied gravity, and there were moments, like this one, when gravity defied him.

Immediately east of Hammercoat House lay the long level plateau of Hammercoat Down, a turfy square mile given over to sheep and rabbits and soldiers on manoeuvres, without a single building on its green bosom except a dilapidated barn which was at the moment the focus of Dick's activities. From this building every so often he and his mechanic would wheel out a frail mayfly of a machine, a thing, as it seemed, of matchsticks and paper.

Into this, with cap reversed after the fashion of aeronauts of the period, Dick would climb. The engine would spit and choke and splutter until, every now and again, it achieved some regular rhythm of spitting and spluttering, shortly after which the whole absurd contraption lurched and trembled into the air, carrying Dick with it.

What followed was never the same twice running. The heavier returns to earth delayed flying for several weeks while Dr Robinson set Dick's collar-bone and the mechanic put the machine together again with fretsaw and glue.

Yes, Dick Brown was an aviator only seven years after that first hop at Kitty Hawk. And now, as fast as some express trains, he was hurtling over the roofs of Hammercoat House towards the tulip bed.

EVERYONE in or near that residence—Papa and Susannah, Aunt Rose, the cook, the coachman, the maids, the stable boy, and the postman who happened to be passing—all rushed to the scene while the noise of splintering and cracking subsided, Susannah making a fool of herself before all this multitude by crying out, "Dick! Oh, Dick!" in accents of anguish. But the airman crawled out and grinned at them from sheer force of habit, even before he was really aware where he was.

The cook, who was an ample capable soul, after asking him four questions and feeling him firmly in three places pronounced him undamaged. This was more than could be said for the aeroplane, the tulip bed or the sundial.

Mr Ruckleworth now took firm control of the situation. He sent the women indoors and the postman about his business; he required the cook to bring out a glass of brandy for Mr Brown.

"Very kind of you, sir," said Dick.

"Not at all," said Mr Ruckleworth. "Don't mistake it for hospitality."

Dick's grin faded a little. "I'm extremely sorry, sir—your flowers and all that. It was that confounded sou'-westerly wind."

Mr Brown," said Mr Ruckleworth sombrely, "it's quite clear that while you are in this neighbourhood the lives of my household are in jeopardy. Anybody might have been on this lawn this afternoon—even myself. It is my duty

Susannah screamed and turned away. Dick Brown and his incredible flying machine were heading straight for her father's tulip bed

GILBERT HARDING ASKS ...

Do you know a Mary Ann?

NOT long ago I went to Herefordshire to see Mary Ann Gould on her hundredth birthday. She is now a resident of Orchard House, an old people's home, well fed and considerately treated.

Less than fifty years ago she was the pauper inmate of a workhouse uniformed and hardworking. A cushionless bench was provided for her recreation from scrubbing. She ate poor food off chipped enamel plates at a bare wooden table. Now she sits with two or three friends in a gay dining-room and eats daintily. She is one of the lucky ones, living out her life in peace and friendship.

But there are many old people who are lonely, nearly helpless, and without friends or near relations. They present an appalling problem of poverty and need.

During the election campaigns politicians made a great deal of what they were going to do for the old people. No doubt they were sincere, but they nearly all make the mistake of thinking only in terms of money.

This is vitally important, of course, but the problems of the aged are not to be solved by giving them another 10s. a week. It helps, but old people need more than money.

Other things matter terribly to them. They need companionship, they need to feel that they matter, that they are not being fobbed off or pushed aside. They need simple tasks to occupy them.

A few weeks ago I met a man past seventy who was a tea boy in a factory. He had retired after fifty-six years with the same firm, but soon became fed up with having nothing to do. He went back as tea boy, just for the sake of companionship. The fact that the money he earns interferes with his pension does not matter to him.

Hale and hearty

But then he is lucky: he is hale, hearty and gregarious. So many old people are not.

They are difficult, handicapped, they talk to themselves, frighten children, have odd, sometimes nasty, habits, and they resent or misunderstand remarks. Above all, they cling to home when really they would be better off away from it.

Oh, the trouble that Gran and Gramp cause in the home. I've seen it at all levels, though not so much among poorer people, who are used to a bit of give and take.

It is mainly in the middle-class home that the aged create tensions.

I know a family in which the husband married a bit above himself. He was "in a fair way of trade," as they used to say, and his wife's family were "professional" people. The husband's mother lives with them. Well, the wife is always pestering the old lady, trying to tell her how to behave. "Now, Mother dear, we don't want to come down to tea in our slippers, do we? Not when we have guests. We'd better go and change, hadn't we?"

That awful condescending "we." The point is that the old lady can hardly bend to get her shoes on.

Many old people are afraid of becoming a nuisance. They would rather go to a Home. Others haven't the courage to take this step. They cling, not wanting to leave their own rooms and private treasures.

The bitter struggle

The idea of a Home, an institution as especially horrible to many old people who have enjoyed some position earlier in life, and who have had some education. They will struggle bitterly to avoid what they regard as the final degradation.

I remember an old maiden lady who wrote to me describing her abject circumstances. She lived with her sister in a condemned cottage. The sister had recently fallen and injured her hip.

I wrote to the local W.V.S. about them, and they told me that they felt the old ladies would be better off in a Home but they flatly refused to go.

Well, there you are. We have no right to punish age, and that's the interpretation these old ladies would put on being sent to a Home.

But when I see old people living like that, I cannot help thinking how much better off they would be under the care of one of the authorities that use imagination in catering for the old.

I remember Mary Gould, and the old folk who lived in excellent Homes for Aged Poor in Bradford. They had single or double cottages round a pleasant square. I remember how pleased these old people were that they had their own fires, their own kettles. There was a carpentry shed for the old men to mess about in and a garden.

Friendship, something to do, some measure of privacy . . . these things as well as money matter to old people. The Welfare State, which keeps so many of them alive beyond expectation, and often beyond desire, must see that they can live with dignity. But that is all it can be expected to do.

It is up to us all, as individuals, to be patient with whatever old people happen to be within our orbit, to see that they do not lack for the little extra comforts, and the boon of companionship which no State, however benevolent, can ever provide.

THE END

Susannah and the heroes

continued from previous page

to report the matter to the authorities. I trust they will take steps to prevent such dangerous activities on the Down. In the meantime, pray have this mess cleared up as soon as possible."

"But it was only because——"

"And another thing, sir," went on Mr. Ricklewerth. "You may as well know I have forbidden my daughter to see you again. She is already engaged to be married and——"

"But Mr. Ricklewerth——" Dick began again.

This time he was interrupted by the arrival of the dogcart which stopped in the drive with a scratching of gravel. Mrs. Ricklewerth dismounted from it. She was one of those rare women who chiefly express themselves by indignation at the head and attitude of the creatures she now turned alarm and bewilderment at the wreckage.

And hanging her down from the vehicle was Mr. Claude Delavarock himself.

Any still persistent trace of Dick Brown's grin was vanished entirely. This was the hated rival, and what a man! Claude was tall and gracefully rugged. The pallor of his complexion, combined with the lankness of his hair and moustache, his eyes, and Gallic nose, together produced an almost unreal perfection of a certain kind of dashing handsomeness. Moreover he was known to be abominably rich. The sight of him always filled the shorter, stouter Brown with a dismal feeling of his own inadequacy.

"Good Lord, old man," said Claude. "You've come a cropper."

This was something Dick did not require to be told, he did not answer but bobbed himself out of the garden in search of his mechanic.

He was a very worried young man. Not only because he had been forbidden to see Susannah, but entirely because Claude was so much the personification of the novelette hero.

There had been a time when Dick had thought himself a hero too, what the newspapers referred to as an intrepid aviator. But the fact was that since he had met Susannah his enthusiasm for flying had waned. It did not seem quite so much fun to risk breaking one's neck as it had done before, because she had made life several degrees more valuable. Yet how could he abandon flying, knowing as he did that it was only his daring in the air which enabled him to compete with Claude at all in Susannah's eyes.

He might have been a little reassured had he been able to overhear a conversation which took place some hours later in the conservatory of Hammercoat House, when Susannah and Claude were sitting in wicker chairs under the potted palms.

"But you do understand, Claude, don't you?" Susannah was earnestly asking. "It isn't that I've changed. I'm just not sure any more that's all."

"Why, my dear," answered Claude, who was as clever as he was handsome, "of course I understand. You want time to think things over."

"After all, she said, it isn't fair for Papa to treat Dick like that. He's a pioneer, just think how brave he must be to do what he does. Risking his life like that, very few men would dare do it. And he's so quiet, so modest."

"My dear," said Claude, "please remember how much I love you and consider how cruel you are."

SUSANNAH sighed. "Poor Claude! It was unkind of me. But perhaps it will come right in the end. We're still engaged—it'd cause much too much family fuss if we weren't. Only we won't name any days or anything. Not till I'm certain."

Two days later, Dick Brown was in his barn bending a new bracing wire on the starboard wing of his aeroplane, which was slowly being put back into shape. Unexpectedly Claude in tweed knickerbockers and deerstalker, came strolling into the building. He inquired like an old friend after the health of man and machine, wasted only a few minutes on careless conversation and then plunged, just as casually, into matters which concerned them both very deeply.

"Is Susannah going to marry you, old boy, or is she going to marry me?" he asked. "She doesn't know and neither do I. I wonder if you do?"

Dick was not able to discuss such things so blithely and he reddened and mumbled.

"Because I don't mind telling you," Claude went on, "that she's a damn fine girl and I'm fond of her. Engaged to her, too—er, in a sort of way."

"Yes," said Dick. "She told me."

"Now look here," Claude continued. "I've taken the trouble to ask questions about you. You're the son of old Brown of Brown and Callery, the flour milling people, aren't you? But I gather you scrub along here on a fairly slim allowance. Your father doesn't really approve of this flying nonsense, does he? He'd rather see you in his business and he keeps you pretty short. Now I could help you, old boy. I could buy you the best aeroplane there is—Farman, Blériot, or what you like, the very best."

BRISTLING a little, Dick said: "So long as I go and fly it somewhere else, I suppose," he said. "Well, let me tell you——"

"All right, all right!" exclaimed Claude. "We don't want to fight a duel about it. I didn't think it would work anyway."

"You don't understand," said Dick. "You can't buy me off. I love Susannah."

"Of course you do. But she's not in love with you."

"That's for her to say."

"But she isn't. What she's in love with is this highly daring, wildly romantic notion of flying. It puts you right up among the gods and heroes, and poor creatures on terra firma like myself just don't classify. That's what it is."

"That's what you *think* it is," said Dick.

"I'll prove it," Claude told him. "All's fair in love and war, old boy, and I have no compunction at all. I'll prove it."

"And just exactly how?"

"Well now," said Claude. "I've always thought this flying craze about the most lunatic idea that ever happened. Why, they even *call* it flying, when it's only just hanging in the air by one's finger nails, as it were, and then only in a dead flat calm if it isn't raining. If you ask me, it's likely to be about as much use to mankind as the ability to walk a tightrope. . . . All the same, I'll do it."

"Do what?"

"Fly," said Claude. "Right here on Hammercoat Down. I want you, old boy, I'll have the best machine there is and the best men money can buy. And when we're *both* gods and heroes, then let Susannah make up her mind. And I'll have one terrible advantage," he concluded. "She'll know I did it for love of her."

"But I say! Not everyone can fly, you know, just like that, and——"

"If you can do it, so can I."

"Besides, it's dangerous."

"Yes, of course," agreed Claude. "That's where the glory comes in. It might solve our problem, too; it might just be a question of which of us breaks his neck first."

"Well," said Dick, flabbergasted. "You're an extraordinary fellow."

"Not really, old boy," answered Claude. "Just wilful that's all. You can be when you're rich. So there you are: if you don't elope with Susannah

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A SEAL FLIES BY · 2

The glitter of early fame was no lure for Diana. But I was very proud of her—she picked up every trick I knew

Mrs. Gwyn Hampton (with Flipper and her daughter Jill) quickly took a liking to the seal pups. At their diving school at Dartmouth, she and her husband helped author Ronald Pearson to train them for a film

DIANA LEARNS TO BE A FILM STAR

by **RONALD PEARSON**

Diana, the seal pup, with the author in tow. Course and speed were controlled with carefully-thrown fish

WHEN I carried Flipper down to the foreshore I didn't realise I could lose her. She fixed her eyes determinedly on the sunlit waves of Warfleet Creek, which opens into Dartmouth Estuary, this, in turn, opens into the wide Atlantic. I waded out with her to where the wavelets were breaking gently. Then I put her into the sea.

It was a tremendous moment for both of us. For Flipper, the two-month-old sand-seal pup, it was the return to her native element. For me, I hoped it was the beginning of the most exciting part of training her as a pet.

Since capturing her and her sister, Diana, off the east coast a couple of months previously, in June 1957, I had managed to rear both pups at my Wiltshire home. This in itself according to zoologists, was a rare feat. But now I wanted to teach one of these lovable creatures to accompany me on diving trips.

Flipper, being the more co-operative of the two, seemed the most promising pupil. Diana could be wilful and bite, so, not knowing what the future had in store, I gave her away to a friend.

For twenty seconds Flipper lay motionless while the waves advanced and retreated around her. Then she calmly flopped her way forward until she was waterborne, and could swim slowly and steadily towards the open sea.

She never once looked back.

Flipper's look round

I turned and walked confidently to rejoin my three companions—my host, Captain Hampton, who runs a diving school in Warfleet Creek, Gwyn Hampton, and Tony Soper, who was producing *Look* on B.B.C. Television with Peter Scott and had come to Dartmouth in order to film Flipper under water.

Trevor, Gwyn and Tony stood watching with interest that was turning to alarm. The roof of Trevor's workshop, which supports the front of his private house, forms a large level balcony on the seaward side. We all gathered at a vantage point at the eastern end of this balcony and watched Flipper's little head making for the mouth of the creek.

"I hope she'll come back," said Trevor in anxious tones. "She's a devil of a long way out already."

"I can't spot her any more," added Gwyn.

"She has only dived," I replied as unconcernedly as I could. "She's having a look around." I knew from swimming with her in the lake in my garden that she could stay under for ten minutes if she wanted to.

"She's bound to come back," I went on. "We deliberately didn't feed her this morning, and she can't eat any food yet on her own, let alone catch it for herself. We have to intubate her with an enema-pump, and she always comes back for it when she's hungry. She's bound to get very hungry soon."

But I found it hard not to share the Hamptons' misgivings. Flipper's little head had disappeared close to where the backwaters of the creek meet the full force of the estuary's ebb tide, moving seawards at perhaps as much as two knots. She might be carried out unawares and not be able to return.

Goodbye for ever?

Five minutes and then ten went by, and still there was no sign of her. I began to fear that perhaps I might after all have said goodbye to her for ever.

We all felt the strain of waiting, so I suggested that it might help if Tony and I were to take Trevor's dinghy out. I would wave the red enema-pump—a promise of food to which Flipper always responded at home—and hold a lump of agricultural fish-meal in the air. Although Flipper never managed to swallow the stuff on her own she had at least grown to like the smell of it. Trevor and Gwyn helped us manhandle the dinghy into the retreating waters of the creek.

We must have looked grossly unseamanlike to the passing yachtsmen as

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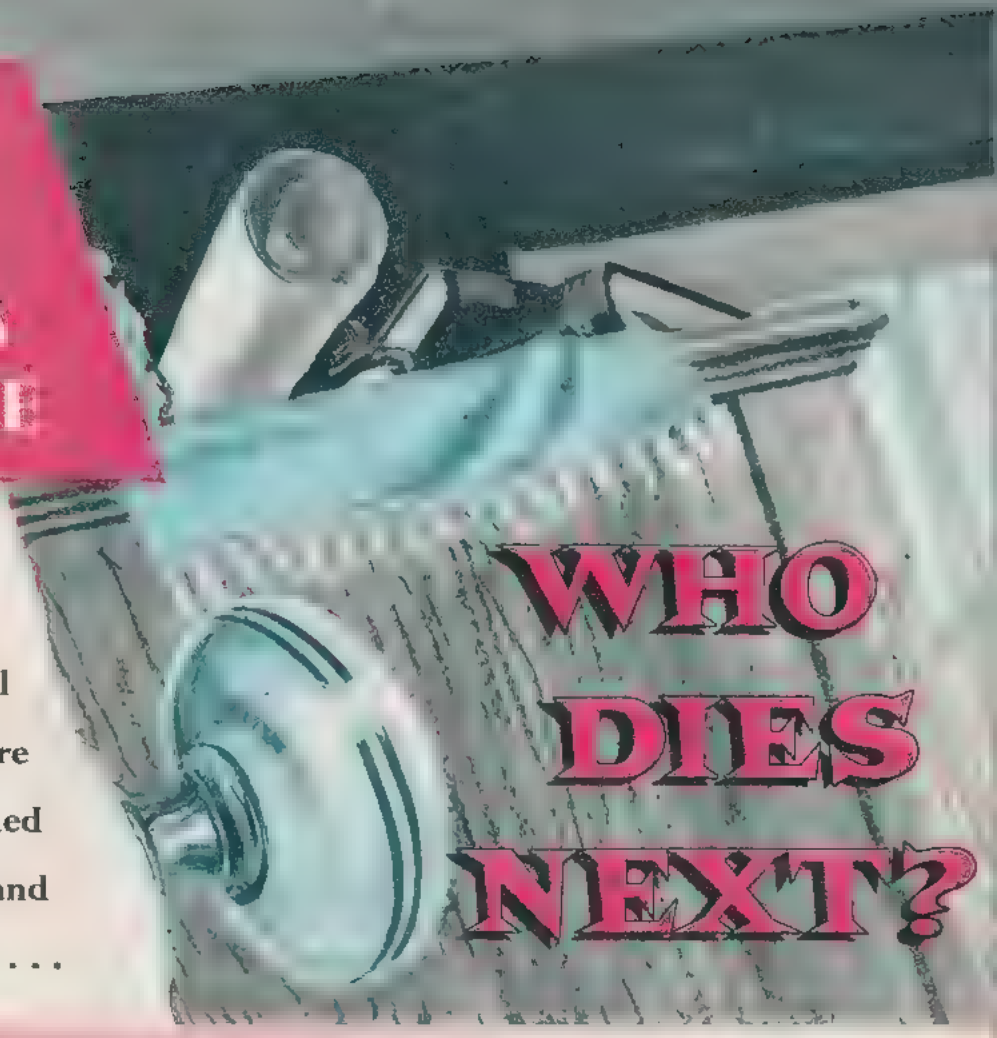
CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS

by

AGATHA CHRISTIE



WHO DIES NEXT?

Two people had been murdered for the secret this girl held. And now there was only an unlocked door between her and the ruthless killer . . .

DISASTER had again hit Meadowbank, Miss Bulstrode's famous girls' school. First the murder of the gym mistress—and now its most glamorous pupil, Princess Shaista had vanished under the nose of Adam Goodman, who was sent to Meadowbank to protect her.

Shaista was a cousin of the late Sheikh Ali Yusuf of Rafat and there was a mystery connected with the sheikh's death—the mystery of his missing fortune in jewels. They could have been smuggled to England in luggage belonging to Jennifer Sutcliffe and her mother but no amount of searching had revealed them. . .

Jennifer, who had returned from the Middle East recently, wasn't bothered. Tennis was all she cared about. Because her own racket had become unwieldy after her stay in Rafat, she swapped with Julia Upjohn, her new friend at Meadowbank.

Then a woman with an American accent called with a brand-new racket for her. Jennifer's aunt, she said, had asked her to take the old one away to be restrung. Delighted, Jennifer swapped again.

Julia was puzzled. "Your racket didn't need restringing," she pointed out. "You had it restrung just before you went abroad. I do think it's odd."

With Shaista's disappearance, Miss Chadwick, co-founder of Meadowbank, was desperately worried. Could the school survive a kidnapping on top of a murder? She recalled the night she had seen the light in the sports pavilion and found the gym mistress shot dead there.

Unable to sleep, she got up, glanced out of her window and instantly stiffened. There was a light in the sports pavilion again!

Trembling, she ran towards it to investigate.

PART FOUR

AT about the time when Miss Chadwick was rising from bed in search of aspirin, Ann Shapland, Miss Bulstrode's secretary, looking very attractive in a black dance frock, was sitting at a table in an exclusive West End night club eating *supréme* of chicken and smiling at the young man opposite her. He was a young man who had danced attendance on her for many years and was suitably grateful for the occasional evening, such as this one, when she permitted him to be her escort.

Dear Denis, thought Ann to herself always so exactly the same. It was what she simply couldn't bear if she married him. But he was rather a pet, all the same.

Aloud she remarked: "What fun this is, Denis. It's such a glorious *change*."

"How is the new job?" said Denis.

Well, actually, I'm rather enjoying it."

"Doesn't seem to me quite your sort of thing."

Ann laughed. "I'd be hard put to it to say what is my sort of thing. I like variety, Denis."

"I never can see why you gave up your job with old Sir Mervyn Todhunter."

"Well, chiefly because of Sir Mervyn Todhunter. The attention he bestowed on me was beginning to annoy his wife and it's part of my policy never to annoy wives. They can do you a lot of harm, you know."

"Jealous cats," said Denis.

"Oh no, not really," said Ann. "I'm rather on the wives' side. Anyway, I liked Lady Todhunter much better than old Mervyn." She paused. "Why are you surprised at my present job?"

"A school? You're not scholastically minded at all, I should have said."

"I'd hate to *teach* in a school," Ann said. "I'd hate to be penned up with a lot of women. But the work as the secretary of a school like Meadowbank is rather fun. It really is a unique place you know. And Miss Bulstrode, the headmistress, is unique. Her steel-grey eye goes through you and sees your innermost secrets. And she keeps you on your toes."

"I wish you'd get tired of all these jobs," said Denis. "It's quite time you know Ann that you stopped this racketing about with jobs here and jobs there and—and settled down."

"You are sweet, Denis," said Ann in a non-committal manner.

"We could have quite fun, you know," said Denis.

"I daresay," said Ann, "but I'm not ready yet. And anyway, you know there's my mamma."

"Yes. I was going to talk to you about that."

"About my mamma? What were you going to say?"

"Well Ann, you know I think you're wonderful the way you get an interesting job and then you chuck it all up and go home to her."

Well, I have to now and again when she gets a really bad attack."

"I know," said Denis. "I think it's wonderful of you. But all the same there are places, you know—very good places nowadays—where people like your mother are well looked after and all that sort of thing. Not loony bins."

"And which cost the earth," said Ann.

"No, no, not necessarily. Why even under the Health Scheme."

A bitter note crept into Ann's voice. "Yes, I daresay it will come to that one day. But in the meantime I've got a nice old pussy who lives with Mother and who can cope normally. Mother is

quite reasonable most of the time. And when she isn't I come back and lend a hand.'

'She's—she isn't—she's never——'

'Are you going to say "violent", Denis? You've got an extraordinarily lurid imagination. No. My dear mamma is *never* violent. She just gets fuddled. She forgets where she is and who she is and wants to go for long walks and then as like as not she'll jump into a train or a bus and take off somewhere and—well, it's all very difficult, you see.'

'I should like to meet her.'

'I don't encourage people to meet her,' said Ann. "That's the one thing I think you *can* do for your own people. Protect them from—well, curiosity and pity.'

'It's not curiosity, Ann.'

'No, I don't think it would be with you. But it would be pity. I don't want that.'

'I can see what you mean.'

But if you think I mind giving up jobs from time to time and going home for an indefinite period, I don't," said Ann. "I never meant to get embroiled in anything too deeply, not even when I took my first post after my secretarial training. I thought the thing was to get really good at the job. If you're really good you can always pick and choose your posts. You see different places and you see different kinds of life. At the moment I'm seeing school

ILLUSTRATED BY FAWCETT

Cat among the pigeons

continued from previous page

life. The best school in England seen from within. I shall stay there, I expect, about a year and a half."

"You're so detached," said Denis gloomily. "You don't really care about anything or anyone." Then he made an effort to cheer up. "Anyway, I don't think you'll last a year. You'll get fed up with all those women."

"There's a very good-looking gardener," said Ann. She laughed when she saw Denis's expression. "I'm only trying to make you jealous."

"What's this about one of the mistresses having been killed?"

"Oh, that." Ann's face became serious and thoughtful. "That's odd, Denis. Very odd indeed. It was the games mistress. I think there's a lot more behind it than has come out yet."

"Well, don't you get mixed up in anything unpleasant."

"That's easy to say. I've never had any chance at displaying my talents as a sleuth. I *might* be good at it."

"Now, Ann."

"Darling, I'm not going to trail dangerous criminals. I'm just going to—well, make a few logical deductions. I've already come across one piece of information that seems to be rather interesting."

Ann.

"Only it doesn't seem to link up with anything," said Ann thoughtfully. "Up to a point it all fits in very well. And then, suddenly, it doesn't." She added casually: "Perhaps there'll be a second murder, and that will clarify things a little."

THAT was exactly the moment when Miss Chadwick pushed open the sports pavilion door.

"Come along," said Inspector Kelsey entering the room with a grim face. "There's been another."

"Another what?" Adam looked up sharply.

"Another murder," said Inspector Kelsey.

He led the way out of the room and Adam followed him. They had been sitting in the latter's room drinking beer and discussing various probabilities when Kelsey had been summoned to the telephone.

"Who is it?" demanded Adam, as he followed Inspector Kelsey down the stairs.

Another mistress: Miss Vansittart."

"Where?"

"In the sports pavilion."

"The sports pavilion again?" said Adam. "What is there about this sports pavilion?"

"You'd better give it the once-over this time," said Inspector Kelsey. "Perhaps your technique of searching may be more successful than ours has been." He and Adam got into his car. "I expect the doctor will be there ahead of us. He hasn't so far to go."

It was, Kelsey thought, like a bad dream repeating itself, as he entered the brilliantly lighted sports pavilion. There, once again, was a body with the doctor kneeling beside it.

Once again the doctor rose from his knees. "Killed about half an hour ago," he said.

"Who found her?" said Kelsey.

One of his men spoke up. "Miss Chadwick."

"That's the old one, isn't it?"

"Yes. She saw a light, came out here, and found her dead. She stumbled back to the house and more or less went into hysterics. It was Miss Johnson, the matron, who telephoned."

"Right," said Kelsey. "How was she killed? Shot again?"

The doctor shook his head. "No. Slugged on the back of the head."

A golf club with a steel head was lying near the door. It was the only thing that looked remotely disorderly in the place. "What about that?" said Kelsey, pointing. "Could she have been hit with that?"

The doctor shook his head. "Impossible. There's no mark on her. No, it was a heavy rubber cosh or a sandbag—something of that sort."

"Something professional?"

"Probably, yes. Whoever it was didn't mean to make any noise this time. Came up behind her and slugged her. She fell forward and probably never knew what hit her."

"What was she doing?"

"She was probably kneeling down," said the doctor. "In front of this locker."

The inspector went up to the locker and looked at it. "That's the girl's name on it, I presume," he said. "Shasta. Let me see, that's the Egyptian girl, isn't it? Her Highness Princess Shasta." He turned to Adam. "It seems to tie in, doesn't it? Wait a minute—that's the girl they reported this evening as missing?"

"That's right, sir," said the sergeant. "A car called for her here, supposed to have been sent by her uncle who's staying at Claridge's in London. She got into it and drove off."

"No reports come in?"

"Not as yet, sir. Got a network out. And the Yard is in on it."

"A nice simple way of kidnapping anyone," said Adam. "No struggle, no cries. All you've got to know is that the girl's expecting a car to fetch her, and all you've got to do is look like a high-class chauffeur and arrive there before the other car does. The girl will step in without a second thought and you can drive off without her suspecting in the least what's happening to her."

"No abandoned car found anywhere?" asked Kelsey.

"We've had no news of one," said the sergeant.

"May mean a bit of a political schemozzle," said the inspector. "I don't suppose for a minute they'll be able to take her out of the country."

"What do they want to kidnap her for, anyway?" asked the doctor.

"Goodness knows," said Kelsey gloomily. "She told me she was afraid of being kidnapped, and I'm ashamed to say I thought she was showing off."

"I thought so, too, when you told me about it," said Adam.

"The trouble is, we don't know enough," said Kelsey. "There are far too many loose ends." He looked around. "Well, there doesn't seem to be anything more I can do here. Get on with the usual stuff. I'd better go along to the house."

AT the house he was received by Miss Johnson. She was shaken but preserved her self-control.

"It's terrible, Inspector," she said. "Two of our mistresses killed! Poor Miss Chadwick's in a dreadful state."

"I'd like to see her as soon as I can."

The doctor gave her something and she's much calmer now. Shall I take you to her?"

"Yes, in a minute or two. First of all, just tell me what you can about the last time you saw Miss Vansittart."

"I didn't see her at all today," said Miss Johnson. "I've been away. I arrived back here just before eleven and went straight up to bed."

"You didn't happen to look out of your window towards the sports pavilion?"

"No, I never thought of it. I'd spent the day with my sister whom I hadn't seen for some time, and my mind was full of home news. I took a bath and went to bed and read a book, and I turned off the light and went to sleep. The next thing I knew was when Miss Chadwick burst in, looking as

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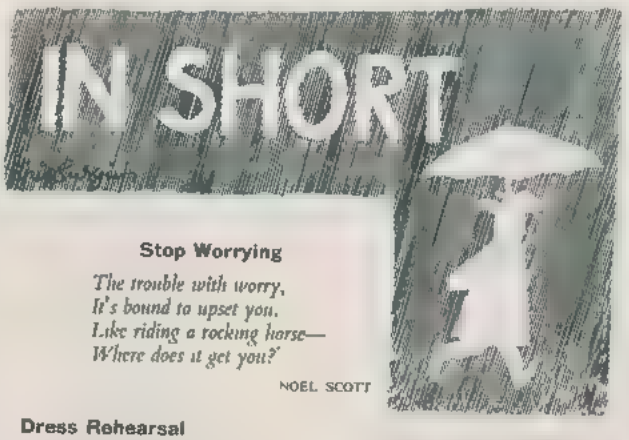


For The Connoisseur

There's only one decent bitter left in England and it comes from a little brewery I discovered in South Rutlandshire a year or two ago. Absolutely smooth, yet robust and full-bodied. Colour like new leather. Firm white head. Tastes like a Beethoven sonata. Superb.

Mind you, it has to be kept properly. Three degrees too warm and it's dishwater. And it won't travel either. Drink it twenty miles from the brewery and it's just so much mouthwash.

The odd thing is, too, it's absolutely undrinkable from a glass. You have to have a pewter can to bring out the texture.

For perfection you have to do what the locals do—have it drawn into a can over a few dandelion leaves. Gives it just that elusive extra whisper of sunshine.

Some people who should know better say you should drink it only with a well-matured Stilton, but in my opinion that's being fussy. It can perfectly well be drunk with a sound Cheddar—not on any account with a Cheshire, though.

What *is* important is the bread: very crusty, *not too* fresh cottage loaf. You cut it up into squarish chunks with a farm labourer's knife. Then you *must* be careful to get the right kind of pickled onion.

PATRICK GOLDRING.

Stop Worrying

The trouble with worry,
It's bound to upset you.
Like riding a rocking horse—
Where does it get you?

NOEL SCOTT.

Dress Rehearsal

"Uncle Joe, I just wanted a word with you about the lighting of that scene where the marauder enters the french windows and unlocks the bureau. It must be pitch-dark, with just the torch-beam showing. It spoils everything to have a spotlight on the windows and another on the bureau."

"After all the trouble I have had to fix up spots, I should have thought I might have been allowed to use them."

"Of course, we're frightfully grateful to you. For most of the play the spotlights are shining nineteen to the dozen. It is just for the beginning of this scene that we have to have the stage blacked out."

"I gave up my Wednesday afternoon round of golf to go into town and get all the odds and ends of equipment. Perhaps you would rather have somebody else on the job, somebody who is prepared to switch all the lights off and keep them off until the final curtain."

"You've got me wrong, Uncle Joe. We're all tremendously grateful. It's just this one little scene."

"I might be able to fix you a moon and some stars now. How would that be? The moon shines right in, clothing everything in an unearthly radiance. Of course you haven't left me much time to fix it. Perhaps you'd better postpone the first night for a week."

"Please don't bother, Uncle Joe, it's just that. . ."

HOWARD BROOKES.

Tea Break

Plumber, plumber, free of care,
Sitting on my kitchen chair,
Stirring sugar in your tea,
Telling all your life to me;

Telling how you first began,
Prewar, as a handyman,
How your Uncle Jim has got
Nettlerash, but you have not;
How your boy, a genius,
Managed his 11-plus——

Plumber, no, you're not a bore!
Am I sidling to the door?
Do I throw the clock a glance?
No, indeed, your tale enchants,

But, at union rates, I fear it
Costs me quite a bit to hear it.

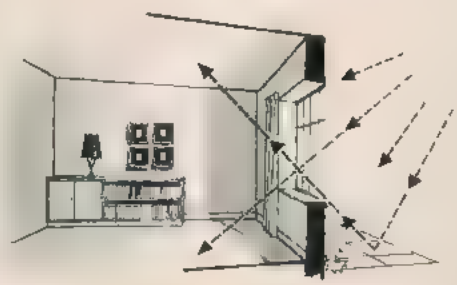
ANGELA MILNE.

Don't keep yourself in the dark

Winter days are short, but they needn't be gloomy. Here's how to enjoy your first light year

This semi-basement dining-room has only one small window to light a fairly large room. An arrangement of mirrors on three walls—all of which you can see in the picture—gives multiple reflections of light. These mirrors, all assorted sizes, came from junk shops, none of them costing more than fifteen shillings. Note how, in this case, the mirror on the window wall increases the light by reflecting rays from the other two and bouncing them back and forth

Light falls downwards through the window into a room so the floor and window-sill are the most important internal reflecting surfaces. The light in this picture also falls on the bushes outside, which absorb it all



In this picture the bushes have been dug up, and a light-coloured paved walk substituted for them. The light is reflected up from this, on to the ceiling. The wall opposite gets the benefit of all the reflected light

IN a road near my home there is a new house known to us as The Fishtank. Through the glass wall facing the road the inmates can be seen cooking, eating, lounging and drifting up and down their open-plan spiral staircase like torpid, tropical fish. This glimpse of private life is fascinating to the passer-by. I sometimes envy the Fishtank family their splendidly light and airy rooms.

Next door to The Fishtank stands The Ark, a villa in the Victorian Gothic style common in our area, with narrow diamond-paned windows set in thick walls and draped with heavy curtains. Like many older houses, this one seems designed to keep the light out rather than to let it in. In the bright days of summer it is dim, in winter gloomy.

The Fishtank shows how far modern building techniques can indulge our new love of sunshine and light, without sacrificing warmth or strength. But very few of us can live in Fishtanks and very many of us must make what we can out of an Ark. We can't pull down our houses and start again, nor pull down our neighbours' houses which often steal our light. But there are quite a number of things which can be done to let in more light, and put it to more use when we get it.

Letting in light

More glass of the right kind in the right place is the answer to most daylight problems. With glass you can let the maximum light in through windows and doors, and borrow light for dark rooms from lighter ones. If you have a gloomy hall, panels of glass in the front door will lighten it. Similar panels in all the doors which lead off the hall will help still further.

It is simple to convert wooden panelled doors by removing the beading which holds the wood panel in position, fitting a glass panel of the same size bedded in sealing compound, and replacing the beading. For safety, glazed doors should be fitted with wired, toughened or armourplate glass not less than a quarter-inch thick. Use clear glass if you like to look out and don't mind people looking in. If you prefer privacy choose an obscured glass. Neat-looking ribbed or fluted glass, smooth, satiny, sand-blasted glass, coarser-grained rough-cast glass, decorative Spotlyte glass, scattered with bubbles—all have a softly-diffusing quality, and will block out an unpleasant view without lessening light.

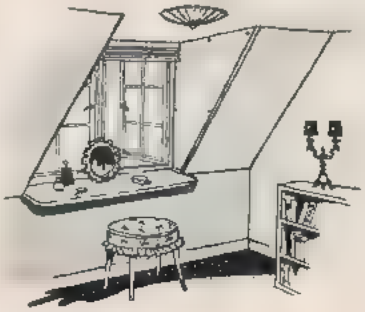
Another solution to the problem of a gloomy hall, is to put in a glass panel on either side of the front door, or replace some of the bricks with hollow glass 'Insulight' blocks. These give you a subdued light and are insulated, so that you do not sacrifice warmth.

Stained glass and leaded panes stea-

Through the windows...

The surface which gets most of the light which shines through the window is the sill. Here it has been widened into a fitment to conceal a radiator, and painted white for maximum reflection. Mirror glass at the sides of the window increases light, makes the window seem larger

In a dormer window light is often obscured by the angle of the gable. Here a wide dressing-table fitment and mirror glass in the embrasure make the most of the light



When I wrote this article it occurred to me that I could improve the light in my own basement dining-room with a coat of white paint outside. Now the job is done it reflects a new lightness into the room

a wicked amount of light in many old houses. Both are easily replaced with plain sheets of clear glass. I have a prejudice against leaded lights in all but the very oldest buildings in which they were originally used. The mock-cottage atmosphere which leaded lights give to modern houses is bogus and unpractical. As well as stealing valuable daylight the lead bars add heavily to the labour of window cleaning.

People who add imitation leading to plain glass windows forget that the builders who first invented leaded lights did so only because they could not make glass in large sheets. They would think our modern picture windows wonderful and would find imitation leaded lights a comic throwback.

Overshadowed basements or ground-floor rooms which get less than their fair share of light can be improved by window panes of prismatic glass—plain one side, specially ribbed on the other—which bends rays of light so that they light the whole room, not only the patch under the window.

Don't allow curtains to absorb any of your precious light. Fit long rails or runners to your windows, so that the curtains can be drawn clear on each side. Have a look outside gloomy downstairs rooms to see if bushes or undergrowth are taking away light which should be coming indoors. Plain, light-coloured paving beneath the window instead will reflect light upwards into the room—more still if you give a coat of white paint to the area immediately under the window or to blank walls facing it.

Do it with mirrors

Mirror glass will help to create illusions of light in dark rooms, and make the best use of what light there is by bouncing it back and forth across the room. You don't need wallfuls of expensive glass to get an effect. A small, modern mirror in the right place will give a gleam to a blank wall. Large mirrors in old-fashioned frames can be bought very cheaply in junk shops often in good condition.

Place one mirror directly opposite the window, so that it can reflect light back into the room, and another at right angles to it to reflect both mirror and window. A piece of furniture, like a small coffee table or a dressing table, topped with mirror glass can also be an asset. Put it in the window, where it can catch and reflect the light. Even bright objects of polished copper, brass or glass arrayed in a dark corner will add a cheerful gleam. Backed with a sheet of mirror glass they will give a lively look to a blank wall.

To make a small window look larger and give more light, line the sides of the window embrasure with mirror glass where windows are set in deep walls, or as dormer windows in the roof. You will see a reflection of almost the whole window in these side mirrors, which greatly increase the amount of light which comes into the room.

The value of the light in a room depends very much on how it is decorated. Different colours absorb different amounts of light: black takes in almost all the light you shine on to it, white gives most of it back again. But this does not mean that an all-white scheme is right for a poorly-lighted room. In a dark room you have very little light and shade, and therefore little of the contrast which makes a decorative scheme interesting.

Use rich colour

For light and shade, you must use contrasting tones and colours. Strong rich colours, which might be uneasy on the eye in brighter surroundings, are a good choice in a poor light. As a guide to the distribution of colours, decorate surfaces which get most light in light colours, with darker shades on the other walls.

The best-lit surface in any room is the window-sill, which should always be painted a light colour.

As daylight shines downwards into a room, the floor should be as pale as is practicable. If you have carpets or rugs, choose them in light colours, as their rough surface will tend to absorb the light. A shiny floor or tiles, linoleum or polished boards will reflect light, whatever the colour. The same applies to furniture. If it has a matt polish the wood should be a light colour. Dark finished chairs and tables should have a high gloss.

It is better to choose the soft, silky types of fabric for curtains and upholstery. Hang light curtains in white Terylene net or the new Vetrona glass fabric to diffuse the light, making it appear to be more. If you have two small windows near together in a dark basement, link them with a long white net curtain. You may be surprised how much more light this arrangement gives.

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull : Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear

...and the doors

These two front doors used to be the normal, panelled wooden kind, but have been simply converted to half- or whole-glass doors. Cluttered fanlights have been removed and clear glass put in. Result: twice as much light in both halls. Obscured glass panels give light with privacy

Round and about with the 'Little Red Vans'

EASTGATE STREET, CHESTER *Illustrated by John Ros*

True as Chester arrows at Agincourt

Tread the pavements of the picturesque city of Chester, one-time principality, and the shades of centuries walk by your side. Its famous Rows, ancient buildings, and walls, are a great attraction to tourists. Chester is the only English city whose walls are almost perfect in their entire two-mile circuit.

Known to the Romans as Deva, Chester was the *castra* or camp of their XXth Legion, which probably explains its Saxon name Legan-ceaster. In 973, it was the scene of Edgar's triumph when he was rowed on the Dee by six subject kings.

Men of Chester, famed for their skill with the longbow, did glorious deeds at Crecy and Agincourt. And today, as throughout the centuries, Chester folk are seldom off the target where judgement is concerned. One proof of this is the sight of the little red Brooke Bond vans seen so regularly in Chester delivering—good tea and FRESH.

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

More and more people are enjoying Brooke Bond—good tea and *fresh*. Over 150 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk *every day* throughout the world.

BROOKE BOND 'CHOICEST'

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WP1138

Cat among the pigeons

continued from page 24

white as a sheet and shaking all over."

Was Miss Vansittart absent today?

'No, she was here. She was in charge. Miss Bulstrode's away."

Who else was here—of the mistresses, I mean?"

Miss Johnson considered a moment. There was Miss Chadwick, and Mademoiselle Blanche."

'I see. Well, I think you'd better take me to Miss Chadwick now.'

Miss Chadwick was sitting in a chair in her room. Although the night was warm, the electric fire had been turned on and a rug was wrapped round her knees. She turned a ghastly face towards Inspector Kelsey.

'She's dead—she is dead? There's no chance she might come round?"

Kelsey shook his head slowly.

It's so awful," said Miss Chadwick, "with Miss Bulstrode away." She burst into tears. "This will ruin Meadowbank. I really can't bear it.'

KELSEY sat down beside her. 'I know," he said sympathetically. I know. It's been a terrible shock to you. But I want you to be brave, Miss Chadwick, and tell me all you know. The sooner we can find out who did it, the less trouble there will be.

'Yes, yes, I can see that." Miss Chadwick made a big effort. "Well you see, I—I went to bed early because I thought it would be nice for once to have a nice long night. But I couldn't sleep. I was worrying."

'Worrying about the school?

"Yes. And about Shaista being miss ing. And then I began thinking of Miss Springer, and whether her murder would affect the parents, and whether perhaps they wouldn't send their girls back here next term. I was so terribly upset for Miss Bulstrode. I mean, she's *made* this place."

I know. Now go on telling me—you were worried, and you couldn't sleep?

'No, I counted sheep and everything. And then I got up and took some aspirin. And then I just happened to draw back the curtains from the window. I don't quite know why. I suppose because I'd been thinking about Miss Springer. And then I saw the light there.

"What kind of a light?"

"Well, a sort of dancing light. I think it must have been a torch. It was just like the light that Miss Johnson and I saw before.' Miss Chadwick's voice suddenly became more resonant. "I was determined that *this* time I would see who it was out there and what they were doing. So I got up and pulled on some clothes and rushed out."

'You didn't think of calling anyone else?"

"No. I was in such a hurry."

Yes. Go on, Miss Chadwick."

"Well, just before I got there, I went on tiptoe so that nobody would hear me coming. The door was not shut—just ajar—and I pushed it very slightly. I looked round it and—and there she was. *Dead*."

She began to shake all over.

Yes, yes, Miss Chadwick, it's all right," Inspector Kelsey said. "By the way, there was a golf club out there. Did you take it out? Or did Miss Vansittart?"

A golf club?' said Miss Chadwick vaguely. "I can't remember—oh, yes, I think I picked it up in the hall. I took it out with me in case—well, in case I should have to use it. When I saw Eleanor, I suppose I just dropped it. Then I got back to the house somehow and found Miss Johnson." She broke off. "Oh, I can't bear it—I can't bear it! This will be the end of Meadowbank.'

Miss Chadwick's voice rose hysterically. Miss Johnson came forward. 'To discover two murders is too much of a strain for anyone," she said. "Certainly for anyone her age. You don't want to ask her any more, do you?"

Inspector Kelsey shook his head.

He left the two women together. As he was going downstairs, he noticed a pile of old-fashioned sandbags with buckets in an alcove. Dating from the war perhaps? The uneasy thought occurred to him that it needn't have been a professional with a cosh who had slugged Miss Vansittart. Someone in the building, someone who hadn't wished to risk the sound of a shot a second time—and who, very likely, had disposed of the incriminating pistol after the last murder—could have helped themselves to an innocent-looking but lethal weapon—and possibly even replaced it tidily afterwards.

* * *

"My head is bloody but unbowed,' Adam said to himself.

He was looking at Miss Bulstrode. He had never, he thought, admired a woman more. She sat cool and unmoved, with her life's work falling in ruins about her.

From time to time telephone calls came through announcing that yet another pupil was being removed.

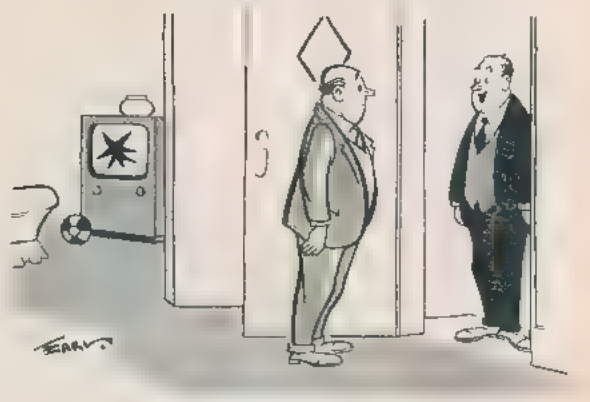
Finally Miss Bulstrode had taken her decision. Excusing herself to the police officers, she summoned Ann Shapland, and dictated a brief statement. The school would be closed until the end of term. Parents who found it inconvenient to have their children home could leave them in her care and their education would be continued.

'You've got the list of parents' names and addresses? And their telephone numbers?"

'Yes, Miss Bulstrode."

"Then start on the telephone. After that see that a typed notice goes to everyone."

"Yes, Miss Bulstrode." On her way



"I've called round to settle up for the small window my son said he smashed today"

out. Ann Shapland paused near the door. She flushed and her words came with a rush. "Excuse me, Miss Bulstrode. It's not my business—but isn't it a pity to—to be premature? I mean—after the first panic, when people have had time to think—surely they won't want to take the girls away? They'll think better of it."

Miss Bulstrode looked at her keenly. "You think I'm accepting defeat too easily?"

Ann flushed. "I know you think it's cheek. But—but well then, yes, I do."

"You're a fighter, child, I'm glad to see. But you're quite wrong. I'm not accepting defeat. I'm going on my knowledge of human nature. Urge people to take their children away, force it on them—and they won't want to nearly so much. They'll think up reasons for letting them remain. Or at the worst they'll decide to let them come back next term—if there is a next term," she added grimly. She looked at Inspector Kelsey.

"That's up to you. Clear these murders up—catch whoever is responsible for them—and we'll be all right."

Inspector Kelsey looked unhappy. He said: "We're doing our best."

Ann Shapland went out.

"Competent girl," said Miss Bulstrode. "And loyal." This was in the nature of a parenthesis. She pressed her attack. "Have you absolutely no idea who killed two of my mistresses in the sports pavilion? You should have by this time. And this kidnapping on top of everything else. You've no news of any kind?"

Not yet, Kelsey said. But I don't think you need worry too much about Shasta. That bit of trouble has been passed to the C.I.D. The Special Branch is on to it, too. They ought to find her within twenty-four hours." He paused. "There are advantages in this country being an island. All the ports and airports are alerted. And the police in every district are keeping a look out. It's easy enough to kidnap anyone—it's keeping them hidden that's the problem. Oh, we'll find her."

"I hope you'll find her alive," said Miss Bulstrode grimly. "We seem to be up against someone who isn't too scrupulous about human life."

"They wouldn't have troubled to kidnap her if they'd meant to do away with her," said Adam.

The telephone rang. Miss Bulstrode took up the receiver. "Yes?" She motioned to Kelsey. "It's for you."

Adam and Miss Bulstrode watched the inspector as he took the call. He grunted, jotted down a note or two, said finally: "I see, Alderton Priors. Yes, we'll co-operate." He put down the receiver and stayed a moment lost in thought. Then he looked up. "Shasta's uncle got a ransom note this morning. Postmark Portsmouth. Bet that's a blind."

Where and how?" asked Adam.

"Crossroads two miles north of Alderton Priors. That's a bit of bare moorland. Envelope containing money to be put under stone behind A.A. box there at two a.m. tomorrow."

How much?"

Twenty thousand." Kelsey shook his head. "Sounds amateurish to me."

There was a silence. Then Miss Bulstrode returned to the matter that seemed the most important to her.

"What about my staff?" she asked sharply. "Do I trust them or don't I?"

It doesn't look, on the face of it, as though any of your staff *can* be the person we're looking for," Kelsey said. "We've paid special attention to those who are new this term—that is Mademoiselle Blanche and your secretary, Miss Shapland. Miss Shapland's past is completely corroborated. She's the daughter of a retired general; she has held the posts she says she did, and her former employers vouch for her.

"In addition she has an alibi for last night. When Miss Vansittart was killed, Miss Shapland was with a Mr. Denis Rathbone at a night club. They're both well known there and Mr. Rathbone has an excellent character.

"Mademoiselle Blanche's antecedents have also been checked. She has taught at a school in the north of England and at two schools in Germany, and has been given an excellent character. She is said to be a first-class teacher."

"Not by our standards," sniffed Miss Bulstrode. "But is she, in spite of her blameless background, still a suspect?"

"She *could* have done both the murders. She was here, in the building, last night," said Kelsey. "She says she went to bed early and slept and heard nothing until the alarm was given. There's no evidence to the contrary. We've got nothing against her. But Miss Chadwick says definitely that she's sly."

Miss Bulstrode waved that aside.

"Miss Chadwick always finds the French mistresses sly. She's got a thing about them." She looked at Adam. "What do *you* think?"

"I think she pries," said Adam slowly. "It may be just natural inquisitiveness or it may be something more. She doesn't *look* to me like a killer, but how does one know?"

"That's just it," said Kelsey. "There is a killer here, a ruthless killer who has killed twice—but it's very hard to believe that it's one of the staff. Miss Johnson was with her sister last night at Limeston-on-Sea, and anyway she's been with you seven years. Miss Chadwick's been with you since you started. Both of them, anyway, are clear of Miss Springer's death. Miss Rich has been with you over a year and was staying last night at the Alton Grange Hotel, twenty miles away. As for your servants, frankly I can't see any of them as murderers."

Miss Bulstrode nodded.

"I quite agree with your reasoning. But it doesn't leave anyone, does it? So it must be faulty somewhere."

After the interview with Miss Bulstrode Adam went to the sports pavilion. His deft fingers turned over the contents of the lockers.

What was there that linked this expensive modern building with sudden and violent death? The idea of a rendezvous was out. No one would choose to keep a rendezvous a second time in the same place where murder had occurred.

It came back to it, then, that there was something here that someone was looking for. Hardly a cache of jewels. That seemed ruled out. There could be no secret hiding place, false drawers, spring catches, etc. And the contents of the lockers were pitifully simple. They had their secrets, but they were the secrets of school life. Photographs of pin-up heroes, packets of cigarettes, an occasional unsuitable paperback.

Especially he returned to Shasta's locker. It was while bending over that that Miss Vansittart had been killed. What had Miss Vansittart expected to find there? Had she found it? Had her killer taken it from her dead hand and then slipped out of the building in the nick of time to miss being discovered by Miss Chadwick?

In that case it was no good looking. Whatever it was, was gone.

The sound of footsteps outside aroused him from his thoughts. He was on his feet and lighting a cigarette in the middle of the floor when Juha Upjohn appeared in the doorway.

"Anything you want, Miss?" asked Adam.

"I wondered if I could have my tennis racket."

"Don't see why not," said Adam. "Police constable left me here," he explained mendaciously. "Had to drop back to the station for something. Told me to stop here while he was away."

"To see if he came back, I suppose," said Juha.

"The police constable?"

"No. I mean the murderer. They

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Cat among the pigeons

continued from page 29

do, don't they? Come back to the scene of the crime. They have to. It's a compulsion."

"You may be right," said Adam. He looked up at the serried rows of rackets in their presses. "Whereabouts is yours?"

"Under U," said Julia. "Right at the far end. We have our names on them," she explained, pointing out the adhesive tape as he handed the racket to her. "Can I have Jennifer Sutcliffe's, too?"

New said Adam appreciatively, as he handed it to her.

"Brand new," said Julia. "Her aunt sent it to her only the other day."

"Lucky girl."

She ought to have a good racket. She's very good at tennis. Her backhand's come on like anything this term." She looked around. "Don't you think he *will* come back?"

"The murderer? No, I don't think it's really likely. But risky, wouldn't it be?"

"You don't think murderers feel they *have* to?"

"Not unless they've left something behind."

"You mean a clue? I'd like to find a clue. Have the police found one?"

"They wouldn't tell me."

"No, I suppose they wouldn't. Are you interested in crime?"

"Well, I suppose up to a point—as a hobby."

Julia looked in agreement.

"Yes, I think so, too. I can think of all sorts of solutions—but most of them are very far-fetched. It's rather fun, though."

"You weren't fond of Miss Vansittart?"

"I never really thought about her. She was all right. A bit like the Bad Miss Bostrode—but not really like her. More like an understudy in a theatre. I didn't mean that it was fun she was dead. I'm sorry about that."

Julia walked out holding the two rackets.

Adam remained looking round.

"What the hell could there ever have been here?" he muttered to himself.

Jennifer allowed Julia's forehand drive to pass her and said "Good Lord, there's Mummy."

The two girls turned to stare at the agitated figure of Mrs. Sutcliffe shepherded by Miss Rich, rapidly arriving and gesticulating as she did so.

"More fuss, I suppose," said Jennifer resignedly. "It's the murder. You *are* lucky, Julia, that your mother's safely on a bus in Anatolia. Hallo, Mummy," she added as Mrs. Sutcliffe arrived.

"You must come and pack your things, Jennifer. I'm taking you back with me."

"Back home? But why?"

"Because of the dreadful things happening here. Daddy and I read about it in the newspapers."

"But you're not going to take me away altogether? Not for good?"

"Yes, I am."

"But you can't—really. My tennis has come on like anything. I've got a very good chance of winning the singles and Julia and I *might* win the doubles."

"You're coming home today."

"But no one's murdered any of the girls."

Arguing persistently, Jennifer moved towards the house by her mother's side. Suddenly she broke away and ran back to the tennis court. "Goodbye, Julia. Mummy seems to have got the wind up thoroughly. I'll write to you."

"I'll write to you, too, and tell you all that happens."

"I hope they don't kill Chaddy next. I'd rather it was Mademoiselle Blanche."

"Yes. She's the one we could spare best."

"Jennifer," called Mrs. Sutcliffe, "I do think parents are trying," said Jennifer crossly. "Fuss, fuss, fuss. They never stop. I do think you're lucky to——"

"I know. You said that before. But just at the moment, let me tell you, I wish Mummy were a good deal nearer and *not* on a bus in Anatolia."

"*Jennifer* . . ."

Coming.

Julia walked slowly in the direction of the sports pavilion. Her steps grew slower and slower and finally she stopped altogether.

The luncheon bell sounded, but she hardly heard it. She stared down at the racket she was holding, then went towards the house.

She went in by the front door, which was not allowed, and thereby avoided meeting any of the other girls. The hall was empty. She ran up the stairs to her small bedroom, looked round her hurriedly, then lifting the mattress on her bed, shoved the racket flat beneath it. Then she walked downstairs.

The girls went up to bed that night more quietly than usual. For one thing their numbers were much depleted. At least thirty of them had gone home. The others reacted according to their several dispositions. Excitement, trepidation, a certain amount of giggling that was purely nervous in origin, and there were some again who were merely subdued and thoughtful.

Julia Upjohn went up quietly amongst the first wave. She went into her room and closed the door. She stood there listening to the whispers, goggles, footsteps and goodnights. Then silence closed down.

There was no lock on the door. But she would have to take the chance.

She went to her bed, lifted up the mattress and groped under it. She brought out the tennis racket and stood a moment holding it. She had decided to examine it now, and not later. A light in her room showing under the door might attract attention when all lights were supposed to be off. Now was the time when a light was normal for undressing and for reading in bed until half past ten, if you wanted to do so.

She stood staring down at the racket. How could there be anything hidden in a tennis racket?

But there must be," she said to herself. There *must*! The woman who came with that silly story about a new racket. . . Only Jennifer would have believed that," she thought scornfully.

No, there was *something* about this particular tennis racket. Jennifer and Julia had never mentioned to anyone that they had swapped rackets—or at least she herself never had.

So really then, *this* was the racket that everyone was looking for in the sports pavilion. And it was up to her to find out why.

She examined it carefully. There was nothing unusual about it to look at. It was a good-quality racket somewhat the worse for wear, but restrung and eminently usable.

Jennifer had complained of the balance. The only place you could possibly conceal anything in a tennis racket was in the handle. You could, she supposed, hollow out the handle to make a hiding place. It sounded a little far-fetched but it was possible. And if the handle had been tampered with, that probably *would* upset the balance.

There was a round of leather with lettering on it, the lettering almost worn away. That of course was only stuck on. If one removed that?

Julia sat down at her dressing-table and attacked it with a penknife and presently managed to pull the leather off. Inside was a round of thin wood. It didn't look quite right. There was a join all round it.

Julia dug in her penknife. The blade snapped. Nail scissors were more effective. She succeeded at last in prising the wooden disc out. A mottled red and blue substance now showed. Julia poked it and enlightenment came to her. *Plasticine!* But surely handles of tennis rackets didn't normally contain Plasticine? She grasped the nail scissors firmly and began to dig out lumps of Plasticine. The stuff was encasing something. Something that felt like buttons or pebbles.

Something rolled out on the table—then another something. Presently there was quite a heap.

Julia leaned back and gasped. She stared and stared and stared . . .

Liquid fire—red and green and deep blue and dazzling white. . .

In that moment Julia grew up. She was no longer a child. She became a woman. A woman looking at jewels.

All sorts of fantastic snatches of thought raced through her brain. Aladdin's cave . . . Marguerite and her casket of jewels. . . (They had been taken to Covent Garden to hear *Faust* last week.) . . . Fatal stones. . . . The Hope Diamond . . . Romance. . . Herself in a black velvet gown with a flashing necklace round her throat.

She sat and gloated and dreamed.

She held the stones in her fingers and let them fall through in a rivulet of fire, a flashing stream of wonder and delight.

And then some slight sound perhaps recalled her to herself.

She sat thinking, trying to use her common sense, deciding what she ought to do. That faint sound had alarmed her.

She swept up the stones, took them to the washstand and thrust them into her sponge bag and rammed her sponge and nail brush down on top of them. Then she went back to the tennis racket, forced the plasticine back in, set it, replaced the wooden top and tried to gum down the leather on top again. It curled upwards, but she managed to deal with that by applying adhesive plaster the wrong way up in thin strips and then pressing the leather on to it.

It was done. The racket looked and felt just as before. Its weight hardly altered in feel. She looked at it and then threw it carelessly on a chair.

She looked at her bed, neatly turned down and waiting. But she did not undress. Instead she sat listening. Was that a footstep outside?

Suddenly and unexpectedly she knew fear. Two people had been killed. If anyone knew what she had found, she would be killed.

There was a fairly heavy oak chest of drawers in the room. She managed to drag it in front of the door, wishing that it was the custom at Meadowbank to have keys in the locks. She went to the window, pulled up the top sash and bolted it.

She looked at her small clock. Half past ten. She drew a deep breath and turned out the light. She pulled back the curtain from the window. There was a full moon and she could see the door clearly. Then she sat on the bed.

"If anyone tries to come in," Julia said to herself, "I'll rap on the wall here as hard as I can. Mary King is next door and that will wake her up. And I'll scream. And then if lots of people come, I'll say I had a nightmare."

She sat there and time passed. Then she heard it again—a soft step along the passage. She heard it stop outside her door. A long pause and then she saw the handle slowly turning.

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NEXT WEEK. *A call goes out for Hercule Poirot*

"Cat Among The Pigeons" is to be published as a novel by Collins early in November. Price 12s. 6d.

Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

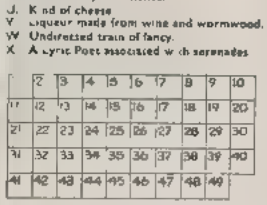
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

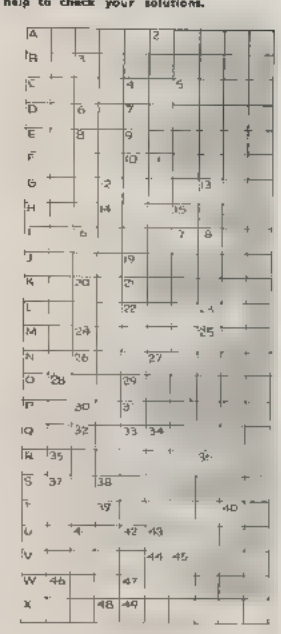
CLUE DOWN

A. Goodbyes are inevitable, the tavern song implies (3, 4, 2, 7, 4, 4).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Design marked on skin by pricking.
B. A pole.
C. Hermit.
D. Descent from the elevated to the commonplace.
E. Frame for supporting a picture.
F. Custom of Indian widows to burn themselves on their husbands' pyres.
G. Cistercian monk of a silent Order.
H. Cuttle-fish with tentacles.
I. Ornamental lace-work of precious metal.
J. Dowdy woman.
K. Monetary unit of India and Pakistan.
L. Prohibitory decree.
M. Insect genus whose life is short.
N. Unrivalled paragon.
O. First appearance before the public.
P. Fillet for the hair.
Q. Short literary or musical composition.
R. Portable shelter against rain.
S. Grammatical structure in sentences.
T. Method of performance.
U. Kind of cheese.
V. Liqueur made from wine and wormwood.
W. Undressed train of fancy.
X. A lyric Poet associated with serenades.





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What was the full name of each lady?

NOW TURN TO PAGE 48 FOR THE ANSWERS

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Susannah and the heroes

continued from page 20

in the next three months, the fight's on. And may the best man win."

Even then Dick knew he was beaten. He had no opportunity of taking advantage of his three months' grace, for most of that time Susannah was sent to an aunt in Eastbourne.

In her absence he felt little urge to fly. For the first time in his life he had glimpsed a vision of blissful domesticity, and it made what Claude referred to as this flying nonsense seem irrelevant and perilous. He wondered why he had taken it up at all. Perhaps, he thought, only to impress himself. Unfortunately it had also impressed Susannah. He would have to persevere with it, however unenthusiastically, while he had any hope of victory, but his confidence was slight.

By the end of the month Claude's team of overpaid workers had erected a superior and commodious weather-boarded building half a mile from Dick's barn. Shortly thereafter Claude himself arrived, smiling his assured smile.

"Watch me, old boy," he said, turning his cap round backwards.

Day after day, even when there was not a dead calm, Claude flew. Perhaps he had a natural aptitude for the thing, perhaps it was simply that his expensive machine was greatly superior to Dick's much patched and largely home-made affair. But it was soon evident that he went farther, faster, higher and less disastrously than Dick.

And the Rickleworths seemed to have changed their views upon flying, at least upon Claude's, inasmuch as they sometimes visited his camp in a body—which, of course, included Susannah. Dick was lucky if he received a surreptitious wave of the hand as the landau rolled past.

For some months this state of affairs continued. Then, one day in September, Dick made his last effort to keep his place among the gods and heroes. He was in the air for more than ninety minutes, but that counted for nothing when he came spinning down into the railway cutting with the usual noises of splintering wood. He also splintered his left arm, but managed to crawl clear of the wreckage before the boat train chewed it into small pieces.

The train was only delayed seven minutes but the aeroplane would never fly again.

At this point Dick gave up. He knew he was beaten. Claude had outmatched him in flying as in everything else. Susannah he never saw nor communicated with, clearly she thought of him no longer.

He knew that his besetting vice was a modest diffidence: all the same, it was useless to delude oneself. It was not only his heart that was bruised, for two years he had been regularly suffering contusions and minor fractures, and the cumulative effect was depressing to the spirit.

WHEN he was about again, with his arm in a sling, he took stock of his position. There was still a certain amount of gear in his barn: spare propellers, engine parts, timber and fabric, petrol and oil. The only possible local purchaser was Claude. So, one patchy autumn afternoon, he walked across to Claude's hangar.

When he reached Claude's hut he heard voices inside it and hesitated, unwilling to intrude if the man had visitors, particularly if they were the Rickleworths.

"Salisbury Plain," Claude was saying. "I've bought four hundred acres of the plainest piece there is. You can start dismantling the hut tomorrow, Tim. Yes, I know Hammercoat's all right to fly from, but I'm running away from it. And if you'll believe it, I'm running away from a pretty girl as well."

Damn it now, Captain," came the voice of Claude's Irish top fitter. "To run away from a pretty girl!"

"It's the seriousness of it," said Claude. "That's the trouble. When dear Mamma begins to worry at nights about what colour ribbon the bridesmaids ought to wear, it's time to run. Fact is, Tim, I just want to fly. I never thought it was worth a button until I tried it, but now I know it's just about the most important and exciting thing a man can do. I'm going on flying, Tim—faster, higher, farther, in better and better machines. Don't you realize we first airmen are about as important in history as the first men who ever went out in boats?"

"Oh sure, Captain. But to run away from a pretty girl!"

You see, Tim," said Claude, "I've got to be free. I can't be cluttered up with a wife and twins. Not now. I must be free. If you want to be an eagle, you've got to start by feeling like one. How long will it take you to get the hut down?"

Dick crept away.

Strangely enough, he had no feeling of elation. It was clear that this hitherto aimless character Claude had found an absorbing interest which made ordinary human affairs insignificant for him. But what of Susannah? Dick felt terribly anxious for her; such callous behaviour might well break her heart.

He was still only a few yards from Claude's hut, turning the situation over in his mind, when the Rickleworth landau drove up. Mr. Rickleworth handed Aunt Rose and Susannah to the ground, saw Dick, and actually raised his hat.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Brown. I trust your arm is mending? Susannah, here is Mr. Brown."

This was miraculous enough. It was even more astonishing that Mr. Rickleworth should then offer his arm to Aunt Rose and lead her into Claude's hangar while the coachman drove on, leaving Dick alone with Susannah.

"Oh, Dick! Your poor arm!"

She looked as lovely still as in all his dreams, but pale and anxious. Had she some premonition of Claude's treachery?

Dick felt he had to warn her, whatever the consequences.

Susannah, there's something I must tell you."

"Yes, Dick. I know," she said softly. "You've said it before. I know you love me."

"Of course I do. But Cl——"

"Dick," she said, gazing at him very hard, "if you love me, will you do something for me?"

"Anything, Susannah, anything!"

She gripped his good arm and looked as if she might cry. "Then, Dick, dear Dick, for my sake do stop it," she said. "Never do it any more. The agony it's caused me! Oh, I know it must mean an awful lot to you, but for my sake, please, please—you must stop it."

But Susannah, stop what?"

Why, this awful flying," she said. "Look at your arm in a sling, and a fortnight ago you were on crutches, and only last week there was a man killed at Rouen! Oh, Dick, I know I used to think it was fine and noble, but now it frightens me so much. I'm terrified every time I see you flying. I can't bear to look or listen. Oh Dick darling, I know it's a great thing to ask, but, please, for my sake, never fly again."

Dick was struck giddy and breathless. Joy can provide as sharp a shock as disaster. But he managed to stammer out that yes, for her sake he would make even such a sacrifice as this.

"Oh Dick, you've made me so happy," Susannah cried, holding him.

No one's ever been as happy as we're going to be," Dick told her. Even if your father——"

She giggled at that.

"Poor Papa," she said, "poor Claude! It was Claude who just accidentally let it out the other day at lunch that you were the eldest son of the Brown in Brown and Callery—I never knew—and, well, dearest, father wanted to have you dine with us the same evening only you were still in hospital." She sighed. "Poor Claude! I've never really broken off our engagement, and now I must. Oh dear, do you think it'll break his heart?"

"Well—perhaps," said Dick.

DURING the years that followed Susannah always pretended to believe that it did. She frequently saw Claude's name in the papers—whenever he broke a record or made speeches about the future of aviation, and whenever she did so, she was apt to grow misty-eyed for a moment at the thought of the jilted lover who, instead of going big-game hunting in the traditional manner, was braving the dangers of the upper air.

Dick, firm on mother earth, as befitted a pillar of the flour-milling industry, had no objection to this, as long as Susannah didn't show quite the same anxiety for Claude's safety as she had once done for his. He was as happy as he'd hoped to be, and he knew why.

"Some men are born heroes and some are born husbands," he was once heard to say. "The really important thing is to find out which you are before it's too late."

THE END

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RICHES—2

I love money · just to be in the
room with a millionaire
makes me less forlorn.

Logan Pearsall Smith

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VAL WEEDEN'S
light-hearted romp
THE WHISTLING BARONET

IN
JOHN BULL
NEXT WEEK

"Speak up, dear—don't mumble!"

The prisoners

continued from page 15

and his tongue was swollen and his lips were hard and stiff. When he opened his mouth he felt the sting of bloodless cracks tearing open in the desiccated skin.

He sat up, and the effort set his heart pounding. He untied the nose-rope from his waist and the rifle from his leg and looked around. The black was curled on his side, seemingly asleep, the camel looked at him inscrutably. In the east there was a red glow, the forerunner of heat.

It urged him to his feet. His skin was dry, a bad sign for it meant the sweat glands were exhausted: that he had no surplus moisture to lose.

He grasped the nose-rope and got into the saddle. The sound that came from his lips was unrecognizable. But Baron understood and heaved him self up, grunting.

The black was on his feet just as quickly. Griff thought, *he's suffering, too.* The salt he had swallowed would be the equivalent of a day or a day and a half without water. He *must* make for water today.

Griff forced harsh, rasping speech. 'Blackfella, which way water? For the last time, *which way water?*'

The black stared past him, but to Griff it seemed as though there was a gleam of mockery in the dark eyes. It angered Griff. If he had had the strength, he would have put Baron down and driven more salt into the black's mouth.

The black started to walk and Baron moved with him. The camel was not happy: he, too, wanted water; and he showed his displeasure by roaring every now and then and blowing big bubbles.

As the sun came up the heat was about them like enveloping flames. Before long, the desert was smoking and the air shimmered and the glare hurt the eyes. The sun rose higher and silvery streaks of mirage glittered in the distance. They cut off the horizon so that you couldn't see where the sky began, you could see the reflection of trees in them, and they beckoned with an invitation to wallow in cool depths that always receded as you approached. Griff knew them for what they were. As long as he did, his reason was still with him.

But the sun wheeled up and with it mounted Griff's torment till, by mid day, his sanity was holding on by a thread only. He watched the black with bloodshot eyes and wondered with growing anger how he could plod stolidly on, hour after hour, showing no weakness, no sign of thirst.

Then at midday hope was suddenly reborn in Griff. He looked down and saw tracks, fresh camel tracks, heading at right angles to the direction they were travelling. There was someone not far away, a white man for only a white man would be riding a camel far out in the desert. Griff pulled on the nose-rope and brought Baron around into the line of the tracks.

And then he saw the second set of tracks—the prints of bare feet padding beside the animal. He swung around, and the black was laughing.

Griff did not blame his imagination then. He hauled on the nose-rope, put the camel down, slowly climbed from the saddle and lurched towards the black. He swayed in front of the myall, trying to talk, but his cracked lips and blackened tongue could not articulate. The myall shoved him soundly in the chest, and he went down and his hat fell off. He writhed over on to his face, sucking in the blast heat of the sand. He struggled to stand up and the black laughed at him again.

The sun drove down on his neck and burned out his last link of control. He crawled around on the sand, aware of nothing save his agony, his mind a furnace of red mists and wild delusions.

Griff got to his feet, panting, his hands clutching at his body where his shirt pressed on his skin like swaddlings of fire. Then the frenzy of a man driven mad by thirst came on him. He began to tear at his clothes, and, when he was finished, he staggered away across the fiery, glaring sand naked, barefooted, gibbering.

The black watched, sneering a little. Suddenly, he bent forward and stared at the ground. Then he looked at Griff, now fifty yards away. He mad as if to jump forward, but the cham prevented him. He whirled around, and sent a high-pitched call across the plain.

Griff went on, taking no notice; but the lubra appeared from behind some desert scrub. The black screamed at her, and she came running, holding the coolamon in front of her.

She thrust the coolamon at the black but he waved it away. He pointed at Griff. "Quick, woman," he said. Take the water to the white man."

She stared incredulously. "But the white man must die."

He stamped his foot furiously. "He must *not* die. He is not Leo Thorde, as I thought at first. He is Griff Munro, the white police fella."

"But the camel-at is Leo Thorde s," she said.

He pointed down at the ground where the tracks of Griff s bare feet showed. There, in the track of the right foot, were the puckered lines of the burn Griff had suffered when he pulled Nyngan out of the fire. They were so plain a white man could have seen them.

Look, woman. The mark of the fire. It is Griff Munro who saved the life of Nyngan the tracker."

The lubra looked. Then holding the coolamon carefully so that not a drop of the precious water would be lost, she went after Griff . . THE END

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A seal flies by

continued from page 21

Tony rowed round in circles and I waved the brilliant red enema-pump for no visible reason, while Gwyn kept calling, "Flipper! Flipper!" at the barren waves.

Have you seen our seal?" we yelled at anyone who came within shouting distance. Nothing but a dull and disapproving 'No.' came back across the stiffening breeze, as they went on polishing the brass of the cabin rails. They were far too seamanlike to concern themselves with what happened in the sea.

Tony rowed us clear of the creek into the main estuary where we felt the full force of the tide. Perhaps it had a ready carried her away and she was heading down the coast towards Land's End.

I had grown tired of my futile gestures with the fishmeal and enema-pump and was almost giving up hope when suddenly from way back at Trevor's jetty there came an excited shout through a loud hailer: "She's here! She's come back! Flipper's here!"

She must have been playing a practical joke on us, and doubled back underwater, showing the tip of her nose every few minutes, too briefly for us to spot it. There she was now out on the shingle again at exactly the same spot where I had put her in.

My respect for her intelligence rose by leaps and bounds, and I could not help feeling an irrational pride, as if my tuition had in some way been responsible. What two-month-old young of any other animal could have found its way back half a mile to a place it had seen for the first time only five minutes before?

Ready to dive

Tony rowed us to the jetty at top speed where we found a small crowd of spectators gathered. There was no time for explanations. Flipper had to be intubated immediately and at the place where she had returned to human friends, so that she would associate it with a physical reward.

While she dozed comfortably in an empty packing case in the compressor-room we relaxed over a cup of tea on the balcony and hurriedly made ready to dive. Trevor had everything laid on for us, including ready-charged cylinders, and an eager crew of diving pupils.

I hope you don't mind them coming along," he said. "They're very interested. They didn't think we had seals taking the course!

The more the merrier," I replied.

Tony wanted good visibility and a depth of not more than twenty feet, otherwise the light might be too weak for his camera. Trevor promised to do his best.

All hands set to work loading equipment on to the diving boat. When everything was ready I aroused Flipper from her snooze, carried her down the jetty steps and waded with her on board. Trevor started up his motor. One of the pupils cast off, and the boat chugged out of the creek and towards the mouth of the estuary. Five minutes later we had rounded Castle Point and lay some two hundred yards off the first of the steep rocky coves which face the open sea.

It did not take Tony long to get ready for his part in the proceedings, since, with his usual indifference to cold and discomfort, he was diving in nothing but aqualung harness, weight belt and swimming-trunks. I preferred to put on two pairs of thick woollen diver's pants and three woollen sweaters under my rubber suit. Tony went down the anchor chain, leaving clumps of very cold-looking bubbles on the surface, while I checked my gear and then stepped down the diving-ladder.

When Trevor picked Flipper up and lowered her over the gunwale to me she gave no sign of protest—nor when I drew her downwards towards me from below the waves. She had caught a glimpse of the enema-pump tucked into my aqualung harness, and where the enema-pump went Flipper was glad to follow.

Although the sea was denser and more buoyant than the freshwater lake at home, she had no difficulty in floating weightlessly before my face as she had done there. We were in her world now. Overhead the surface gleamed as shining and impenetrable as storm-tossed quicksilver; below us was a landscape of rock and blue-green background as limitless as the broad Atlantic.

She looked me over with intelligent curiosity, asking "What are we up to this time?"

Underwater tow

By way of answer I emptied my lungs a little by shallower breathing and, without moving a muscle, sank with slow dignity with her in my arms down the anchor chain until I reached the bottom. I was a little ruffled to find that I was sitting on Tony's head. Of course, being under water, I didn't weigh more than a few ounces, but Tony did his best to slip away from beneath us.

His camera began to purr. I held Flipper out towards him and released her.

Now was the time for the star item on our programme. I untied the enema-pump from around one of my webbing straps and waved it in front of her. She turned towards it as if enchanted. It was no longer an enema-pump but had "suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange." And as I twisted and turned and lured her on with it I felt as if it was no longer a sand-seal but the most graceful of water-sprites that flew in elegant curves around me at the command of my wand.

Now she caught and held it firmly between her sharp little white teeth.

She started to pull away from me with all her might. The rubber stretched, but did not break. I held on. Gradually she overcame my inertia and water resistance and began to tow me slowly but surely in her wake.

Alas, this delightful progress did not last long. The rubber broke under the strain and Flipper disappeared into the greenish-blue veil. For a few moments I was so absurdly intoxicated by my brief triumph that I did not trouble to pursue her. Then I began to realize that she had vanished.

We were none of us at all worried about her, for we all assumed that she had gone off on another exploration and would again return to the shingle by Trevor's slipway. But by the time I had shed my diving gear and struggled out of my rubber suit she surfaced alongside and came to be packed up in her most accommodating manner.

It was time to head for home. The seas were rising and an ominous black nôge of cloud approached the sinking evening sun. Trevor weighed anchor at once and headed back for Warfleet. As the diving boat chugged homeward Flipper and I sat side by side in the stern, each dreaming our own deep-sea dreams.

Dreams were all that we had to show for this dive. Tony's film turned out sadly blurred and confused—more like space fiction that had gone wrong than a successful underwater adventure.

I had to go away from Dartmouth for a few days, so I left Flipper in the capable hands of Trevor and Gwyn, unaware of the anxiety that her escapades would cause.

On Monday she was a model of obedience. She was given an early morning swim before breakfast and briefly repeated her reconnaissance of Warfleet Creek.

On Wednesday the exploratory urge took her into Trevor's compressor room, where she made a detailed study of the diving equipment and machinery which it contained. In the course of this she discovered a warm flow of air

issuing from an escape vent of the compressor engine. This she used as a hair drier. After ten minutes in front of it she looked like an Angora rabbit.

On Thursday she began to assert her independence. Instead of returning home after her evening dip at five she slipped quietly away out of Warfleet Creek and paid a round of visits to complete strangers whom she spotted bathing close to the open sea. Then she disappeared completely. Eventually Trevor went out in his boat to look for her and was still looking at nine when she repeated her old joke of reappearing unheralded at the jetty steps.

On Friday she slept all morning. But when she was put in the sea after her midday feed—lest she should get too dry—she shot straight off again into the blue and did not return for her five o'clock feed.

Trevor was out again searching for her but this time nine came and still no Flipper. The Hamptons really felt they had lost her this time.

But on Saturday morning at seven a very bedraggled, exhausted, guilty-looking, apologetic seal pup dragged herself up the shingle by the jetty.

How did she spend her night out? Reports have since come from all sorts of local townspeople: yachtsmen and trippers of a tame seal that had followed boats, investigated piers and quaysides, sniffed at swimmers' toes, played with anchor chains and followed pic-nickers ashore.

When night fell she probably remained close to the town, intrigued by all the fairy lights along the water front and the sound of revelry from the fun-fair and open-air dancing in the park. But what happened after that? What kept her out so late? It cannot have been a boy friend because female seals are not interested in such things until they are close on three years old.

All too soon I was back at Baynton House, near Devizes, where I live, and where I run a watercress-growing business. Flipper roamed with the perch and roach among the water lily stems in the lake once more unhampered by experimental attention.

Faithful follower

I had been afraid that she might resent the change: her nostrils might still yearn after the smell of surf and seaweed. But she seemed perfectly content to renew her old haunts and play her old freshwater games. She did though, take to flopping vigorously about on land and would follow me faithfully wherever I went, though whether out of cupboard love, or some deeper bond of sympathy forged when we were both underwater, I cannot say.

This was how she came to cross the threshold of Baynton and pass through the front door. She flopped painfully with a series of lurching efforts up the stone steps and paused at the doormat and turned up her huge eyes at me in the unspoken question: "You have satisfied your curiosity about me—why shouldn't I come and see how you live?"

I hadn't the heart to refuse her. But I knew that the moist and grimy belly of an inquisitive seal was not the best treatment for the oak floor in the Jacobean front hall that shone so brightly under the electric polisher of Kay, my wife.

"All right," I said, "just this once."

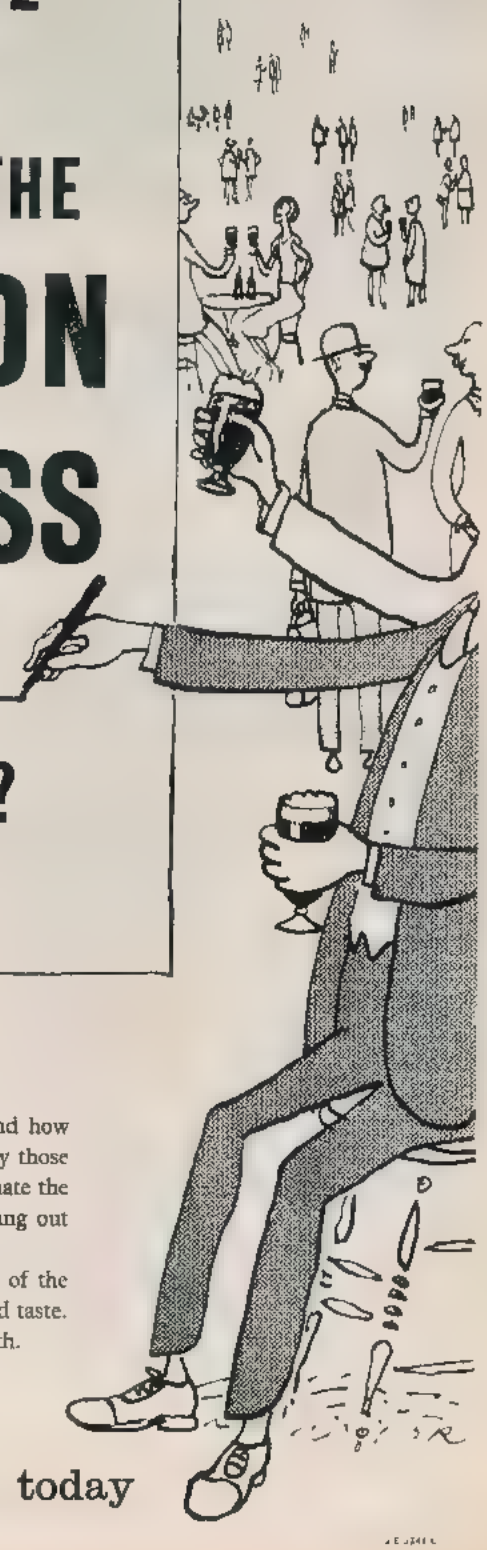
Flipper needed no second bidding. She bounced hastily across the harsh doormat and on to the well-waxed oak. I led the way out of the hall, into the long corridor with its distant window and oblique view of a wall decked with a formidable array of obsolete arms. She followed me doggedly through and

RICHES—3

The petty economies of the rich are just as amazing as the silly extravagances of the poor.

William Feather

WHO ARE THE PEOPLE WHO DRINK THE 5 MILLION GUINNESS ENJOYED EVERY DAY?



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"Look, dear, he wants you to take baby out for a walk"

A seal flies by

continued from previous page

up the step into my office, where we could both take our ease without risk of spoiling the polish or upholstery in Kay's more ornate preserves

There Flipper lay on the rug and went to sleep with her head on my feet

Eventually I bundled her out of the house and carried her down the steps on to the grass

The telephone rang. It was the B B C , Bristol. They had seen and liked some early film sequences by Tony of Flipper and Diana chasing each other's tails among the water-lilies, moreover his close-ups of them bounding on their stomachs after the enema-pump, being inflated with milk-emulsified margarine and squirting this stuff back into my face, showed this was not just a natural history feature but a "human interest" story

Death of Flipper

I'm the producer of *Tonight*," the B B C voice explained "Cliff Michelmore would like to interview you and your seal—as well as showing some of Tony Soper's films. Can you manage next Wednesday evening?

Yes, of course." I was delighted

Next morning Flipper slipped in with the electricity-meter man and left a clear trail all the way to the kitchen where she could smell fish-meal Kay said not be cross with her a potential TV star must be allowed some liberties

But it was not to be. At half past eight on the evening before she was due to appear before the television cameras at Bristol, Flipper was dead. She lay still and inert in my office where I had brought her to be as comfortable and as close to me as possible

It had been all my fault I had eaten for too long on the enema-pump and agricultural fish-meal I should have gone on stuffing bits of herring down her throat until she learned to swallow them on her own. I had forgotten that seal experts had warned me that getting a pup weaned was the most difficult stage of all. But Flipper had seemed to be still thriving—growing more vigorous and gaining weight steadily

I should never have believed that she could fall ill and die within forty-eight hours. For that is all the time it takes for a seal-pup to die if it catches a touch of enteritis when its constitution is secretly undermined by vitamin deficiencies

Much as I loved her there was no time to sit and grieve over her death

Kay and I sat up until the small hours discussing the crisis. The B B.C were expecting me to appear with Flipper but they had never insisted that she was necessary to the programme though she would certainly be an asset I could still appear alone; after all, there would be films of Flipper, and it was I that would have to answer Cliff Michelmore's questions

We had told lots of our friends about the programme and they were looking forward to seeing it So were our two children, who were excited about seeing their father on television. They were away at school, so we had not yet told them that Flipper had died. We did not want them to learn the news from the television programme. Moreover, I felt that if this programme showed people what attractive creatures seal-pups are, and so aroused a public interest in the poor sand-seal's welfare, it would be the best possible memorial to my beloved Flipper

I did not relish the prospect of appearing on the air in the following dialogue

Cliff Michelmore (from London)

Well, Mr Pearson, I hear you couldn't bring Flipper along personally. I hope she's not ill? Can you tell me what's happened?

Ronald Pearson (frowning lugubriously in close-up). 'I'm afraid she's dead

(Unhappy pause, while viewers fidget and Cliff finds himself stumped for the first time in his career.)

So I decided to tell a white lie I should carry on with the programme but tell everybody that Flipper had fallen suddenly ill and been taken to the vet. This would account for her absence from the house as well as the screen

Thus it was that twenty-four hours after she had died Flipper had a brief five minutes of glorious life in the eyes of three million people all over Britain

There this story might have ended had not my friend, Ronald Lockley offered to let me have Diana back for as long as I liked. This was very noble and generous of him especially as he had succeeded where I had failed He had managed to wean his charge on to herrings so that she really was in the pink of condition—for herrings are known to provide adult seals with a completely balanced natural diet Diana would never die of vitamin deficiency so long as she had plenty of them

And so it was that Ronald's Dormobile crunched up the gravel of the front drive, and stopped by the lake He lifted Diana out. There was a big splash Once more a black head—no longer so very little—was popping up and down among the ripples at the seaside

Likes admiration

We had a long talk about her Ronald told me of her likes and dislikes.

"You've got to be very circumspect when you pick her up," he said I remembered the wounds that she had given me with her teeth, which were much larger and sharper now.

'Apart from this' Ronald went on she's really very tolerant and friendly and enjoys admiration. She's not musical But she likes to be with you wherever you are. I should keep her enclosed at night though, as she has the curiosity of her sex, and will go anywhere for the fun of it."

I thanked Ronald warmly for all he

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had done. 'Please tell me,'' I urged ''as soon as you want her back.''

Ronald Lockley seemed in no hurry so I began making plans to train Diana properly instead of just playing with her—which was all I had ever managed to do with Flipper

I had already noticed encouraging signs of intelligence from Diana. She seemed positively eager to learn. Unlike a dog, with which you may have to go on over and over again trying to make it associate a particular action with a reward, Diana rarely needed more than one or two demonstrations of cause and effect before she was trying the action out on her own to see if that effect were habitual or a mere accident

I'd already had ambitions of putting poor Flipper in a harness and lead, and dreamed of being towed after her in the sea at Dartmouth, but had been put off by the obvious difficulties of attaching a harness to a seal's anatomy.

I knew Diana's powers of oozing through the unlikelest little holes in her enclosure; I knew that her neck could stretch and contract like rubber and that she was as slippery as a fish when wet

Liked her harness

All this time I had been assuming that a seal would want to try to slip off its harness, and that it would do its damnedest to do so. When I suddenly realised that Diana might easily be persuaded to want to keep a harness on everything was incredibly simple

The next time I went to put a herring down her throat I was armed with an ordinary dog-collar and lead. I held the herring in with my left hand while I slipped the collar over her head and round her neck, with the right

The first couple of times I tried this manoeuvre she shook it off. She duly got no herrings. Then she decided to keep it on, and five herrings went down her throat in quick succession. Now she did not merely want to keep the collar on, she was eager to get into it.

Having succeeded far better and sooner than I had hoped in harnessing her, I now began to wonder what to do next. I suddenly remembered a little white boat which my father had built to run on rails over the rock garden before plunging as from a water-chute, into the lake.

So next day I didn't bother with leading Diana about on land. I fastened the loose end of the lead to the bows of the little boat and then walked quickly round to the far end of the like. There I stopped and called 'Diana!'' with all the authority I could muster.

I saw the little white boat rear and buck once or twice like a startled horse and then it came racing towards me

By the following day Diana was as fond of her tow-load as she was of her dog-collar and lead

The next process followed swiftly and without any setbacks. I stepped into the little white boat, harnessed Diana to it and got Julian to call from the opposite end of the lake. There was a mighty lurch to starboard as Diana took the strain from broadside on, and water poured over the two inches of freeboard. Then the bows swung round on course, and as I bailed furiously with a biscuit tin, we sped forward over the ripples. As Diana came to a stop beneath Julian's outstretched herring bearing hand the little white boat grounded gently in the shallow mud close astern of her

Cargo too heavy

I realized that I was far too large a load for Diana. After all she was still only a puppy seal; and the little white boat was hardly designed for grown-ups. Julian would fit into the picture much better and be in perfect proportion to the capacities of both seal and boat

Julian was still at heart more interested in his own inventions than in mine. His ambitions were directed towards secret passages rather than seal-boat travel. But he realized that there must be something in it when he heard me ring up B.B.C., Bristol

''Hullo Tony,'' I said proudly, ''I've got something new for you. Diana tows a boat.''

''This should be good. Is she under control?

More or less. I haven't capsized yet

''Good. I'll come right over with the cine-camera.''

Julian wasted no time in riding in the seal boat and he began to bring his mind to bear on the problem of control

Daddy, why don't you just throw herrings where you want to go? If you want Diana to go to the right you throw a herring to the right and if you want her to go to the left you throw a herring to the left.''

I tried it out at once. At first there was a hitch. Diana spotted that I had a reserve of herrings in the little white boat, and she preferred this wholesale supply to those being ejected from it piecemeal. She tried to clamber aboard beside me. The perilous craft all but capsized

''No, Diana! No!'' I said, fending her off as best I could

She was astonishingly quick to learn. She made only one more attempt to climb aboard before she remembered where her duty lay. From then on I was in complete control both of course and speed.

Each herring had been cut into four pieces. For top gear at full throttle I threw a series of bits a long way. For bottom gear and better manoeuvrability I threw each bit only a short distance.

My admiration for Diana was now at its height

A beautiful day

Tony happened to have a serious gap in the sequence of his film. He had plenty of shots of Flipper and Diana on land and underwater, but he was trying to tell the story of a man taking his seal into the sea and swimming with her there. To complete the record he needed a shot of me taking her down the ladder of Trevor Hampton's boat into the sea

What about the last weekend in January?'' he suggested

Tony came over from Bristol on the Friday evening, and we started off together overnight in the Vanguard. We reached Dartmouth as dawn was breaking. The sun crept up into the cloudless sky, and I saw that we were in for a beautiful day. And so it proved

Over breakfast in a hotel I admitted 'I'm worried about the way Diana will behave when she gets into the open sea

'Surely she'll come home, all right, just as Flipper did,'' Tony replied as sanguine as usual. ''You've only got to wave a herring. It'll fetch her back

''It's been a wonderful evening, Miss Wiggs. I wonder if you could lend me a couple of pounds until pay-day''

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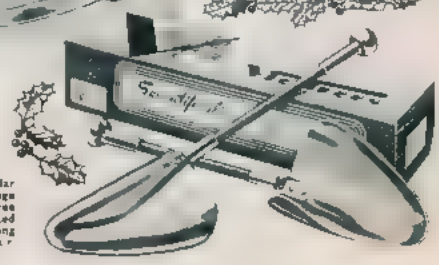

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A seal flies by

continued from previous page

just as well as the enema-pump did

'I'm not so sure. Don't forget that she can catch fish for herself now. She's been eating perch and roach in the lake. She might find herself in a whole shoal of fish and we should never see her again. I shall have to hold on tight while you're filming us.''

'Yes, and if you're to do any good with your plans of being towed under water you'll have to make sure she doesn't slip out of her collar.'

Easier said than done. I've never tried to fix her collar, but have depended on her wanting to keep it on. A passing fish might make her change her mind.'

It did not take long for us to reach Trevor's place. I dumped Diana on the veranda, well clear of the inviting shingle and breakers line, and we were immediately plied with coffee.

We sat on deck chairs on the veranda to discuss technical details, while Gwyn's eyes wandered tenderly to Diana, who was trying eagerly to force her way past an artificial barrier towards the strange exciting smell of drying seaweed, the sound of breakers and the gleam of sea and sand.

My brother Peter, who had been taking Trevor's diving course, picked up a length of rope and produced a bowline and a slip-knotted loop to go forward and aft of her flippers. Tony approved it.

'Have you got a tow-line?'' I asked.

'What about the life-line for learners?'' he suggested. ''It's already coiled in the stern of the diving boat.''

''That'll do fine,'' I replied unaware that the other end of the coil might have to be attached to a likeable young sailor called Jeremy Potts who was starting the sub-aqua course Peter had just completed.

Tony was concerned only to get good inking shots of me and Diana without harness. He had his hands full without bothering about my new and untried schemes. So when we were all safely aboard with our gear it was Peter I turned to for help. We harnessed Diana between us in her new style of headgear.

So far so good although she kept trying to clamber overboard to get at the sea, she made no attempt to free herself from the line.

Only a few more minutes now, and you shall have all the salt water you want'' I assured her, stroking her head persuasively, as she gazed longingly over the side at the wash of the diving boat when Trevor swung its bows across the blue-green swell towards the open sea.

Jerry Potts was also eager to get into the water though he did not behave so restively as Diana. At last Trevor rounded Castle Point and dropped anchor in four fathoms of water off the neighbouring cove. He tied the other end of Diana's tow-line to his pupil's aqualung harness.

Diana grew irritable

Jerry gave Diana a quick smile in camaraderie before going over the side. I had a sudden vision of him haplessly precipitated in the wake of a sub-aquatic animal before he had had time to adapt himself to her habitat: being trailed headlong after bass or pollack just as I wished to be, but not liking it in the least. There was a whole heap of slack between seal and diver, and a couple of half hitches round a centre thwart made doubly sure that Diana and Jerry would not find themselves diving in tandem.

For his film Tony wanted a shot of me lowering Diana over the side. Naturally this entailed several re-takes, and Diana, who had not Flipper's patience with photographers, grew very irritable at being dipped into the sea only to be hauled out again. I was vastly relieved when Tony was at last satisfied, and let me plunge her overboard.

She behaved perfectly. The tow-line hung limply between my hands and her shoulders, as she looked up at me, standing on her tail and treading water so that her large keen eyes were well clear of the waves and could watch my smallest movement.

It would be fatal to disappoint Diana at this point. Peter passed me a section of herring and I threw it for her some twelve feet away from the boat. She sped after it while I paid out the slack of her line, she caught it as it began to sink and turned about to wait for more.

So far so good. Now to get her back. I held out another piece of herring to her in my right hand and called her name. She obeyed at once, covering the intervening distance with a couple of lightning bends of the body and took the lure. I slid my left hand under her belly and Peter hauled on her rope collar. She was safely on board again, without the control line having been used.

Almost simultaneously Trevor hauled in Jerry looking a bit blue around the gills but otherwise whole in wind and limb. Our two divers could congratulate one another, and my hopes began to rise. When Diana and Jerry had been hauled aboard for the second time, Trevor announced that his pupil's first lesson was over, and we could now concentrate on ours.

There was only one short sequence of film to be taken now: the shot of me carrying Diana unharnessed into the sea. Since this was the reason for our visit, I could hardly jib at it even though Diana was getting more and more restive—I noticed her shake her head in annoyance at her halter for the first time—and I myself was growing more and more nervous of the whole business.

Trevor's diving ladder swung unsteadily in the mild swell. I got my flippered feet on to a low rung and gripped its side with my left hand. The weight of the heavy cylinder tugged at my back and made me feel even more unsteady. Peter passed Diana under my right armpit where she became uneasily wedged against the lead weights on my belt, the tube of my pressure gauge and the buckles on my harness. I felt as if I were twice my usual weight.

Hold it!' called Tony from amidships, his camera whirring once again. I held it.

Excellent. Now go on down.'

I went on down a swaying ladder into a swaying sea. Salt water rose around my flippered feet up the rubber of my suit and over my thighs; salt water took the weight of my aqualung cylinder and Diana's hanging bindquarters.

Hold it!'

Alas. This time I failed to hold it. There was a small eruption under my right armpit and Diana and I had parted company as swiftly and decisively as possible. The mischievous little seal-pup sensed complete emancipation at last in her own natural kingdom of the wind and waves.

I went right under and sank to the seabed with a slice of herring in my hand. After circling overhead cautiously Diana followed me down and took it from my hand like a pigeon swooping for a crumb of bread. I surfaced and climbed back up the diving ladder. Diana also rose and came close alongside. Peter held out a slice of herring to her.

Stand by to grab her next time Tony,' he said.

Diana graciously took the herring. Tony stood by. Peter waved her close alongside again. Tony made a grab, but she slipped from his grasp.

Diana was on her guard now, with one eye for herrings but the other keenly on the look out for a trap. We did not have a landing net.

Then quite suddenly Diana realized there were more amusing and worthwhile things to do than play such

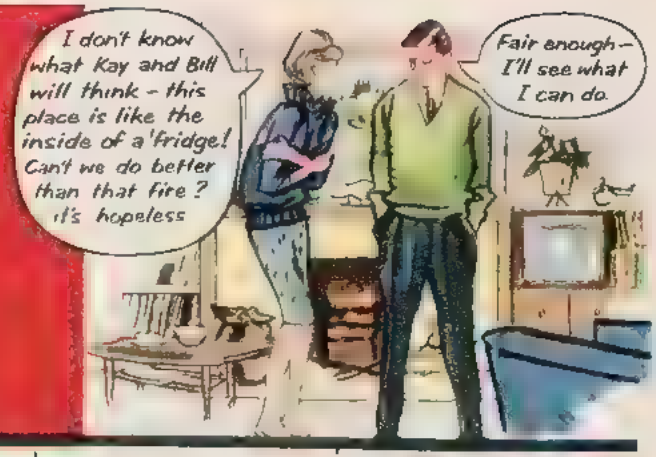
continued on page 40

RICHES—4

To be rich is not the end, but only a change, of worries.

Epicurus

She was ashamed of her cold [illegible] home!


I don't know what Kay and Bill will think – this place is like the inside of a 'fridge! Can't we do better than that fire? It's hopeless
Fair enough – I'll see what I can do.

AT THE GAS SHOWROOMS

About these new gas fires. I've one at the office and it's O.K. But can't bear my lounge with one

'Here's just the thing, Madam,' this gas-convector radiant fire is specially designed to circulate warmth all round the room

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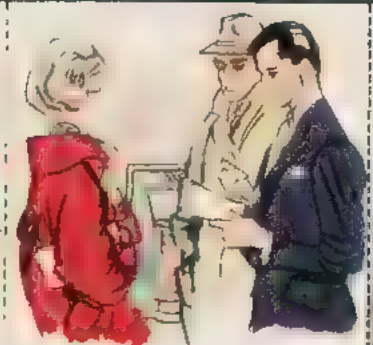
[illegible] is clean to run – and dirt, no labour. Another [illegible] ventilates while it heats the room

you choose the heat you want with this selector dial: on to start, then change down to half-on for constant comfort



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A seal flies by

continued from page 38

games. The head of the sleek black lady gave us one last mischievous look with her big intelligent eyes and vanished beneath the waves

In my heart of hearts I knew this was the end But I was not going to give up without a last attempt to make contact. I did a backwards somersault over the gunwale sank once again to the seabed and swam towards the shore This would surely be Diana's direction, too. The submarine rocks, forests of tangleweed, kelp and sea-furbelows off the point are far richer in marine life than the sandy wastes over which the diving boat was moored. Appetite and curiosity would surely lead her to explore them

But even four fathoms of water ten yards square are boundless and inscrutable to the myopic eyes of diving man. I flew in vain over forest and mountain range, without spotting a trace of the truant

I rose and splashed the surface from below to attract her attention, hoping that curiosity might impel her to investigate any sight or sound. But there was no response.

And then I saw her for the last time.

It was only for a few seconds, but for me those few seconds were full of poetry and emotion. She was at full speed, curving downwards like a swallow, and banking at forty-five degrees to starboard with her flipper-wings and propelling herself with a motion of the hips as lithe and beautiful as her namesake the huntress of classical mythology This Diana was also a huntress." She was not hunting my scraps of herring now but something almost as swift and agile as herself, a pollack, bass or eel perhaps, that flashed through the water a few seconds ahead of her I could not see what it was. I only knew it was all she was interested in now, and that I had been forgotten

In a flash she had followed it down through the tangle-weed forest, and was lost to sight among the rich brown gleaming fronds. The forest stirred mysteriously as if a light breeze had passed through and then fell still again

She had gone, and my emotion was not regret that she had no tow-rope and that I could take no part in this spectacular pursuit. My last glimpse of Diana had been too beautiful, she had been as free and proud as an eagle of the depths as she flew by, enjoying her true life to the full for the first time

A futile search began. Trevor took the diving boat in and out of every little creek and inlet for two miles either side of Dartmouth estuary, and we all peered eagerly in turn through field glasses for a round black head that might suddenly pop up at any point of the compass. But the only dots that broke the January sea were shags and cormorants.

Diana, though has not lost her interest in humanity. More than once she has been seen around Dartmouth. No one has succeeded in recapturing her, but she may still be recaptured.

Yet I doubt if there would be much to be gained by bringing her back into captivity I would sooner that she kept the freedom she has won.

She was always an independent character.

THE END

© R H Pearson, 1959

"A Seal Flies By," by R. H Pearson, is published as a book by Rupert Hart-Davis at 16s

"Choice of the right clothes for the occasion is a matter worthy of the closest attention"

My life with Otto John

continued from page 17

stones from worry and malnutrition His legs were a mass of varicose veins. When I spoke to him he answered in a hoarse whisper—his speech had begun to fail him through lack of use

I tried in every possible way to get Otto released. I sent letters and telegrams to ministers and officials. My campaign was joined by Dr G K. A Bell, the late Bishop of Chichester who appealed to President Heuss to reprieve Otto. At last I secured an interview with Dr. Schaeffer, the Minister of Justice, and put forward the case for a review of Otto's sentence. Schaeffer promised to consider it urgently "I have my own views about your husband's case," he told me

Shortly afterwards I heard that Schaeffer had recommended to President Heuss that Otto should be released by an Act of Grace But the President had just left for the United States.

The three weeks before his return crawled painfully

I had returned to Hampstead when, suddenly, I heard that Otto was about to be released, after two and a half years in prison. Immediately I flew to Cologne Arriving there, I telephoned the prison governor at Munster. "Your husband left the prison half an hour ago," he said. "He is on his way to Cologne with his defence counsel"

It was July 27 1958. A Sunday I wasn't able to get any food from the shops—all I had to celebrate Otto's release was a small fruit cake. I looked down from my window as a car drew up outside, and watched as Otto's thin, gaunt figure climbed out. Slowly he walked across the road into the sunlight.

A moment later I heard his footsteps on the stairs

It was a moment of exquisite relief, but it was not the end of our difficulties.

In February 1958, Dr Wohlgemuth —who had declined the offer of safe conduct if he appeared at Otto's trial —had suddenly appeared in West Berlin He was promptly arrested and charged with having treasonable relations with the Communists. At his trial, which took place last December, Otto was the principal witness

But he wasn't given an opportunity to clear his name The president of the court—it was the same court which had tried Otto—ruled that Otto's story of his abduction by Wohlgemuth had already been proved false, and that he had gone to the East voluntarily Wohlgemuth was acquitted for lack of evidence

Soon after Wohlgemuth's trial I went back to Hampstead to resume my career as a teacher of singing Otto planned to join me as soon as he was free to travel abroad One day last February he crossed the Channel in the Belgian steamer, Prince Philippe. On the telephone he told me "I'm at Dover —in the police station. They've decided I'm an undesirable alien and won't let me enter the country . . ."

It was too late to reach a Home Office official that night. Early next morning I hurried to the aliens department in High Holborn. A junior official looked at my British passport while I explained my business. His smile was non-committal. "Would you like to take a seat? I'll have to discuss this with the head of my department "

He returned half an hour later, wearing the same formal smile, and called me over to his desk. "Your representations will be considered," he told me, " but no deferment can be granted at present. Your husband will have to leave the country

I knew this meant a further period of waiting with perhaps another disappointment at the end. To escape the attentions of the pressmen who also waited for the verdict outside, I left by a back entrance. It was very cold I called a taxi and returned to my flat in Hampstead

Since then, Otto has lived quietly at his sister's trout farm near Coblenz gradually recovering his strength. He has taken steps to have his case retried and is writing a history of the revolt against Hitler by the few Germans who had the spiritual strength not to become victims of a tyrant. In spite of his ordeals he has retained a deep respect for justice and truth and his admiration for the principles of Albert Schweitzer. Throughout the agonised years of his captivity first in the East and then in the West, he held on to his liberal convictions.

At the height of the storm of vilification which broke over him after his abduction I was sustained by the knowledge that Otto—the man whose life and aims I so closely shared—would never have deserted me for political reasons. I knew that he could no more have been persuaded to join the Communists than the Nazis, whom he fought

I knew that Otto never put his faith in any fixed political creed. He has always stood for humanity.

THE END

© Lucie John, 1959

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

Since they each spent money, Ann can have spent only £1 and had £1 left. Therefore each of the eight had £1 left (a total of £8) so £40 — £8, or £32, was spent in all. If Ann spent £1 Bella spent £2, Carol £3 and Dora £4. This totals £10, so the men must have spent £22 between them. This could only have happened by Mr. Carr being the husband of Ann and spending £3, Mr Dobbs being the husband of Bella and spending £8, Mr Adams being the husband of Carol and spending £3, and Mr Bolt being the husband of Dora and spending £8. The names of the ladies were therefore Ann Carr, Bella Dobbs, Carol Adams and Dora Bolt

QUIZZLE

Quotation To die to sleep, to sleep perchance to dream ay, there's the rub (Shakespeare)

Clue Down The best of friends must part Clues Across A Tattoo B Hide (C) Enemute, D Bathos E) Easel F Suite (G Trappist, H Octopus, I Bigtree (J Trump, (K R pee ... terdict M Ephemera N Nonsuch, O Defunct, P Snood, Q Moreau R Umbrella, S) Syntax, (T) Technique (U) Parmesan, (V) Abstneth, (W) Reverie, (X) Troubadour

How to play the market for a £1 a month

continued from page 11

was formed, with Groombridge, a solicitor, a stockbroker and a chartered accountant as its directors—all unpaid. Its aim was to be a non-profit-making "clearing house" for the business of the individual clubs.

The association now acts as trustee for member clubs, accepting and placing their investment orders each month, handling their clerical work, and dealing with applications for new clubs. Its charge for this service is six guineas a year.

Geoffrey Hughes, the Wirral chairman, hopes that the association will soon grow enough to take some of the work off the shoulders of the unpaid officials. "With a hundred clubs there could be a full-time paid secretary. And why stop at a hundred? The sky's the limit."

The Wirral Club has a largely white-collar membership of clerks, university students, salesmen, an insurance worker, a surveyor, a chemist, a business executive and a retired bank manager, whose ages range from the early twenties to the sixties. There is a Bold Club in Liverpool whose members are accountants, engineers and draughtsmen all from the same undertaking. Other clubs consist mainly of manual workers.

The Salford Club has accepted a newspaper description of "cloth-cap financiers" without demur, while the Manchester Club is mainly composed of trade unionists. These include a metal worker, a printer, a joiner, a motor engineer and a girl telephonist.

The sum invested by clubs each month is intentionally modest, usually about £1 a member. "We see our club as a kind of supplementary pension fund—with the difference that our money grows and doesn't lose its value," says Groombridge.

Most clubs play safe in their early investments, putting money into firms with more than £10 million capital whose dividends may not be high, but whose shares tend to grow in value. Clubs who have already purchased a large number of such shares may occasionally decide, however, to chance a frankly speculative investment.

At their fourth meeting the Wirral Club gambled in this way, rejecting arguments for buying motor, shipping and department store shares in favour of a Malayan rubber investment, which depends a great deal on unpredictable factors like size and quality of crop.

"We were lucky there," says Groombridge, "because the price went up and we got a fat dividend, too. In fact, we've been pretty lucky all through, though the element of chance diminishes as we learn more."

Not all clubs are so lucky as they learn. Although only one club has yet shown a loss on its capital, the value of the £1 units has fluctuated.

The Exchange Club's pounds were worth 26s. each when, soon after they got in on Rolls Royce, the shares rose to 104s. 4½d. A month later Rolls Royce were down to 93s. 6d. and, with some of their other shares suffering setbacks, the members' units stood at only 21s.

"At least when things don't go so well for a time, a club's members feel

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

THE house in which I live is due to be demolished next year as part of a road widening scheme. Six years ago I took the house on a sixty-four year lease, knowing this was going to happen. A new house will cost me more than my present one did, and I want to know if my reimbursement from the council will cover the extra cost. Is the council obliged to rehouse me and, if so, would that reduce the cash settlement?—S. T., Birmingham, 26.

● When the council wishes to buy your property under a planning scheme you will be served with a "notice to treat" and when you receive it you can engage a land agent to value it and a solicitor to negotiate a settlement.

Their fees will be paid by the council. Under the Town and Country Planning Act, 1959, you will receive the market value of the property at the time when it is purchased by the council.

DIDDLED IN PARIS

ON a day trip to Paris I gave financial help to a young man who told me he had been robbed. In return for French notes, he gave me a cheque for £24 and an address in Leeds. After the cheque was presented at my bank, it was discovered that the address was correct, but that the signature on the cheque was that of someone else. How can I recover the money?—F. B., Seal, Kent.

● If you loaned money to a man in return for a cheque and the signature on the cheque was forged, this would appear to amount to obtaining money by false pretences and would be a matter for the French police.

If, however, you do not wish to go to the French police you could sue the man in the county court.

HOT AND RUSTY

OUR hot water is extremely rusty and at times the colour of cocoa. All summer when we have no fire the water is perfectly clear, but each time we light a fire in the grate (which has a back boiler) it becomes rusty again. This is a soft water area. How can we rectify this trouble?—Mrs. M. I. D., Enniskillen, Northern Ireland.

● The metal from which your boiler is made may not be the most suitable for the type of water in your area. The local water board would advise you on which metal would be least likely to corrode. Another cause could be electrolytic action between copper and iron, or copper and zinc. Corrosion would result, for instance, if you had copper pipes in your hot water system, connected to a galvanized steel tank or cylinder.

THE WRONG MIXTURE

HAVING some paint brushes which had gone hard I bought a bottle of turps from a local ironmonger. At home I examined the bottle and found that it was a turps substitute. It had no effect on my brushes. The shopkeeper was extremely surprised when I complained, but refused to refund my money. Was he within his rights to do so?—D. M., Birmingham, 15.

● Under the Food and Drugs Act, 1938, Section 6, a false description on a label may constitute an offence. It would be necessary for you to show that the wording was intended to defraud.

Your local council's analyst would analyse the substance for you without charge. As you asked for turpentine and were given an inferior substitute you can reclaim the amount you paid.

DANGEROUS STEP

WALKING home from church I caught my heel in the broken pavement and fell heavily, fracturing my right femur. I am still not fit for work. Can I claim damages from anyone?—Mrs. M. C., Henley-on-Thames.

● If the state of the pavement was caused through ordinary wear and tear the council could not be held liable for the accident.

If, however, the pavement had been repaved and the work done negligently the local council could be held liable.

NEW LOOK RELIEF

I OWN a bungalow and have to pay out £50 for outside painting, and to have a new water system, cost unknown, installed. Can I obtain an income tax rebate for this work?—Miss F. S., Headcorn, Kent.

● The expenditure you mention can be the subject of a property maintenance relief claim. These claims are based on the average expenditure incurred over the five preceding years and should be made on a form No. 99, obtainable from the local inspector of taxes.

DEBT IN DEATH

WHAT is the legal position about money which is owed to a person who dies. Is one liable to pay the heirs? —D. M., Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

● If the debt was acknowledged in writing during the past six years it is still recoverable at law. The decease of the creditor does not cancel it and his executors or administrators could claim the amount still owed.

THE LOST WOOL

I WAS promised sixpence a pound for a quantity of waste wool. A sample was sent to the buyers who refused it, although they had promised payment on delivery, and returned all of it, except for some which they say they are keeping to cover transport costs. What action can I take to recover this wool? —F. H., Rode, near Bath.

● If the proposed buyer had a just reason for refusing the wool, it appears to be lying in his possession at your risk and unless you are prepared to pay the cost of its return he can hold it.

This is, of course, on the assumption that he had not agreed to pay the cost of returning it if it were refused.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Packeted putty:** A linseed oil putty already mixed and ready to use is now sold in packeted form. The pack consists of a stiff paper covering combined with a polythene inner lining which completely protects the putty from hardening.

The price is 1s. 3d. for about a 1 lb. pack from ironmongers and hardware shops generally. By Lee and James, Ltd., Brush Works, Bridgtown, Cannock, Staffs.

▶ **Tip that counts:** Keep those old cotton and silk reels. Painted gaily and threaded on to a stout wire and fixed into a wooden frame, they make an excellent counting board for children.

▶ **Blanket-cum-bedcover:** A dual-purpose blanket which is attractive enough to double as a bedcover is a practical buy for any household. Light in weight, warm, in cellular check design, these "Earlywarm" blankets are Dylan shrink-resistant, so that they will not shrink or mat if washed at home.

Complete with transparent zip case for storing, there are five colours to choose from. Approximate prices: 63 in. by 84 in. costs 55s.; the 72 in. by 100 in. costs 75s.; the 90 in. by 100 in. costs 92s. 6d. From good stores everywhere.

▶ **Moth-free carpets:** Protect your carpet from attack by moths by spraying it thoroughly once a year with D.D.T. fluid. Spray areas hidden by furniture and the back of the carpet and the underfelt should be sprayed a distance of a foot in from the edge.

▶ **Colourful stewpans:** A new range of stewpans made of steel with a vitreous enamel finish of grey and a colour choice of red, yellow, blue or white lids should add brightness to many kitchens. The lids are close-fitting with a sensible Keep-cool knob of plastic.

A set of four Gay Top stewpans costs 39s. 3d., including purchase tax. Matching frying pans 10 in. size cost 9s. 9d. and milk pans two pint size cost 7s. 3d. The frying pan and milk saucepan have red, yellow or blue handles on a basic grey finish. By Judge ware.

How to play the market for £1 a month

continued from previous page

they're all in it together," says Groombridge. "Democratic voting, based on members' personal knowledge and views, gives the clubs strength. They're not likely to fall prey to share-pushers."

All investment club members do what Ivy Reiners calls "homework" to increase their business knowledge. Apart from reading financial columns and books, they take home company balance sheets to study.

But specialized personal experience—at work, at home, out shopping—is equally valuable. Few investment clubs, for instance, have not heard voluble praise or condemnation of cars owned by members and friends as argument for or against buying shares.

Groombridge is a stout supporter of investment in selected shipping firms. "The industry's in the doldrums now," he argues, "but low-priced shares should rise, especially if companies have routes taking in new developments like the St. Lawrence Seaway."

Other investors are similarly confident in the future of their own industries. At a Manchester meeting an engineer got up and said: "Put your money on my firm this month. The boss is in South America—and if any man will come back with orders it's him."

Workers, white-collar or manual, become far more interested in the companies which employ them if they own some of the shares, says Geoffrey Hughes. "They're looking out for the next big contract the firm lands."

Recently one investment club member got stuck in a Mersey Tunnel traffic jam caused by a heavy lorry carrying immense steel girders. "I was sitting there fuming until I noticed the name on the girders—that of a company whose shares we held. I suddenly became as interested in the fate of that lorry as if it had been my own."

Women especially tend to see investment at a personal level. Mrs. Florence Cope, secretary of the Salford Club, kept pressing for shares to be bought in Martins Bank, on the argument that they had been courteous and unfailingly helpful bankers to her for many years. It took her seven months of hard talking before she won her point. Another woman dissuaded her club from investing in a department store chain. She had bought a slim-fitting skirt in one of their shops and it had split the third time she wore it.

Ivy Reiners says: "Investing revolutionizes your approach to shopping. You find yourself buying the goods of firms you've got money in."

Some big-time financiers have been quick to recognize the future of the investment club movement. Letters have come to the association from unit trusts, but Groombridge says: "We're not interested. We're a kind of do-it-yourself unit trust anyway." Banks, building societies and groups of companies—including one later investigated by Scotland Yard—have also written in. So has a Wall Street stockbroker, who read of the British experiment.

A Liverpool building society early approached Groombridge and offered to open a share account especially for his club. The offer was accepted. "This way we never have money lying idle."

Groombridge claims that investing can give a completely new dimension to life for small wage-earners. "We don't expect to become millionaires overnight, but we are undoubtedly making money—besides getting fun and a feeling that we're helping industry."

In the first twelve months, Groombridge's club invested £197 and saw it rise to be worth £242, a pound unit value of around 24s. 7d.

But Wirral Ladies—the "chattering women" whose co-operation was once spurned—are ahead of them.

"We got a big kick after three months when our pound units stood at 24s. against the men's 21s. 11d.," recalls Paula Lee.

Since then they have done even better. They found the Midas touch when they speculated in gold shares, which later soared in value after a take-over bid. Today their pound unit is worth nearly 27s.

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